# THE NEW REPUBLIC

## WINTER BOOK REVIEW

*William Lee Miller*
*John Updike*
*John Wain*
*Charles B. Marshall*
*Herman Finer*
*and Others*

*Gus Tyler* **Save the Electoral College**
*V. Matveyev* **From a Soviet Critic**
*Edwin Dale, Jr.* **The Gold Exodus**

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# T.R.B. *from Washington*

*When Will the Lines Cross?*

★ Top drawer authorities on the Soviet economy held a one-day, off-the-record seminar here last week. They spoke as individuals but pretty much represented the thinking of such groups as the CIA, Committee for Economic Development, Rand Corporation and State Department, as well as half a dozen outfits that have just sent exchange observers to Moscow. A feature was the straight talk and absence of protective circumlocution which seems essential to any public discussion of Russian achievements. The consensus seemed to be:

Soviets want peace; they do so because they think economic, not military, growth is *the* key to domination (and because nobody can win a nuclear war). They firmly believe that whoever wins the A-H race (in bombs), they will win the GNP race (gross national product). If any US expert denied the Soviet's impressive record he didn't tell the group.

The Soviets, it was said, will meet their 7-year plan production goal. The Soviets claim a current 11 percent economic growth rate and a production already 60 percent of ours; we say their production is only 40 percent of ours, and their growth rate is 8.5-9 percent – the latter an extraordinarily high figure. Under Eisenhower (1953-1959) our growth rate has been only 2.4 percent. (Nobody was speaking politics so it wasn't stressed that other European countries are now growing faster than we, and that our slow-down is due to a deliberate Eisenhower policy of sacrificing growth and full employment to price stability.)

The Soviets boast they will equal our production in "1967-68." Our men say this is preposterous, but that even if President Kennedy jacks up US growth to 4 percent the two lines should cross in the 80's; "certainly," one said, by 2000 AD. (It should be remembered the USSR has 18 percent more population and an 18 percent larger labor force than the US).

There's no secret to Soviet economic growth. They are grimly ploughing back 30 percent of annual product into tools, plants and machinery and will soon raise this to 35 percent. The US is reinvesting only 17-20 percent. By 1970 the Soviets will have, at this rate, a "mature economy" – the critical point, according to the theories of MIT professor Rostow, at which an emerging world power normally decides whether to use its strength for international aggrandizement or home improvement.

One final point. The Soviet isn't monolithic. It's only seven years since Stalin's death released the managerial community from stultifying bondage. Observers found the place full of fascinating, unresolved contradictions and irrationalities. The menace of internal revolt is over in Russia but another internal "menace" may develop – for better living. It is of supreme importance to us, they said, to foster every possible contact with Russia, not merely to destroy the bogey of "imperialistic aggression" but more subtly to show the citizens of a garrison state the way to consumer satisfactions.

One postscript to the above. This reporter recently saw "Behind the Great Wall," a startling documentary filmed in China and narrated by Chet Huntley. We came away thinking that if America and Russia haven't destroyed each other in the next few years they are almost certainly going to be allied against a far bigger power – China, the awakened giant. We shan't be around in AD 2000 but it promises to be uncommonly interesting. Incidentally, some reports say China will have a nuclear bomb of its own in 1961 – a year earlier than previously expected.

*Shake-up*

★ The thing to remember about reapportionment is this: It is the state legislatures who draw boundary lines and most state legislatures are geographically biased in favor of farm districts. Millions are moving from farms to cities; seven out of 10 Americans now live in urban areas. But city people are heavily under-represented in state legislatures. The vast majority of legislatures haven't been reapportioned. They won't be either. Why? – because it would be asking rural representatives to commit suicide. In a few states, city dwellers can force reapportionment; in most they can only appeal to the courts. But a sharply split Supreme Court has heretofore refused to intervene. This really is a fascinating subject: it is a wrong with no remedy at law.

What is the effect? State after state has one legislative chamber, generally the upper house, impervious to liberal capture: Michigan under Gov. Williams and New Jersey under Gov. Meyner are examples. The underpopulated rural areas are conservative, and, as Gus Tyler's article in this *New Republic* shows, they exercise a veto in the state legislatures against the all-but-bankrupt cities.

And secondly, it is the state legislatures who also draw the boundaries for the Congressmen who go to Washington. These boundaries are now so warped and gerrymandered that it is estimated sparsely-populated rural, conservative areas have about 24 more seats in the House than they are entitled to by population.

Why is this acute now? Because the new 1960 census requires nine states to re-draw boundaries to add House seats and 16 to do the same thing to lose seats. It is the biggest shake-up in generations. More than half the readers of this column probably live in states where revision is required and almost certainly a majority of them will see the thing politically manipulated to perpetuate old rotten boroughs and unjust gerrymanders.

*Hope for the Best*

★ By the closest election in history (Kennedy's melting majority is currently down to about 178,000 in 68 million) the tough young President-elect has been given a "mandate" that means anything he can make it mean. It is disappointing in a lot of ways, but we hope for the best. We guess that the test will come at the start. Kennedy has been around; he knows that a new President's power is concentrated in the first few months and we expect the supreme effort to come then. It looks like we may have a lively winter.

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# Brass Tacks and Bubbles

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In his letter to *The New Republic*, published in this issue, the diplomatic correspondent of *Izvestia* appeals for a new era of cooperation and trust between the US and the USSR. He asks if this most hoped-for state is possible; and he answers: it is – if we rid our minds of baseless suspicions, if the Camp David spirit can only be revived.

Let us begin on a note of concurrence. There are some Americans, as Mr. Matveyev says, who believe it is enough in foreign policy to oppose and frustrate whatever ideas may originate in the Communist realm – who believe that anything made in Moscow is unworthy of serious consideration. We are not among them, and we are confident that the incoming Administration will have a concept of East-West negotiation that is more constructive than that.

But neither an everlasting nay nor an undeviating yea forms an adequate basis for foreign policy. To assume an obligation always to say yes or to say no in response to what others propose is to suspend one's own power of decision and choice and to surrender control and initiative to others. We hope always to suspend judgment until we know what the precise question is and have reviewed the circumstances. We recall the plight of the legendary aboriginal peoples of Greece – reputedly precipitated into slavery by an innate incapacity for expressing dissent. We must then dissent when it is alleged that we are disposed to rebuff, without regard to content, every initiative by the Soviet Union. The *Izvestia* commentator construes too much from one sentence in our September 19 note. The main point of it concerned the inadequacy of pique and chagrin as moods in which to view Mr. Khrushchev's impending visit to the UN General Assembly. As we saw it, this was to be an event of great urgency, calling for something more purposeful and energetic than our government seemed inclined to give. Our words were: "Countering the Soviet initiative in the General Assembly will require the best thought and effort we can give." Double translation brings this back to us as: "If we are to counteract the Soviet initiatives in the General Assembly, we shall muster what effort and intellect we have." *Counter* includes the idea of reciprocating as well as opposing. *Counteract* includes only opposing. The nuance, dulled in translation, is not trivial.

But the matter of foremost importance is Mr. Matveyev's plea for a revival of good feelings as an essential prelude to settling crucial differences between the two camps. What nourishes and sustains good feelings? Let us consider candidly what the Camp David spirit amounts

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to. We have learned it may amount only to a compulsive affirmative. A guest, especially one endowed with conspicuous capacity to charm, must be indulged. An interchange of sentiments on things held in common – such as the prides and interests of grandfathers – is carried over to areas of real dispute. Who wants to shake his head on such a fine day? Put the accent on the positive. Suppose the guest says the Berlin situation is abnormal. Well, after all, it is awkward. A stickler might insist on calling the division of Germany abnormal and arguing that the Berlin situation is only a reflection of that deeper abnormality – but who wants to stickle on a day like this? Give the guest his adjective. And what of peace? Join in affirming the desirability of goodwill, of disarmament, as if that alone could dissolve the disagreements which, taken together, are the Cold War.

We should describe the Camp David spirit as a disposition to skip over the hard aspects of real problems, to deal with differences by talking about something else, to substitute general pronouncements for the serious business of negotiating about actual issues. A characteristic of the Camp David spirit was its evanescence. It represented a diversion, an interlude, a time spent in exploring marginal and immaterial aspects. The bubble burst on contact with the first brass tack. The quest of conditions for a viable peace deserves something beyond togetherness at the Summit, something more solid than a self-conscious reluctance to say no to the Russians for fear of being accused of intransigence.

The dialogue about peace and the conditions of peace must go on perseveringly at all levels, until the world is liberated from the threat of extinction. On this point both sides have expressed themselves clearly. The argument is not over the eventual goal. It concerns rather the ordering of the steps toward it. Thus far, the Soviet method in the dialogue has been to label every dissent from its own formulation of the steps as a dissent from the goal itself. This only makes the dialogue more difficult and postpones the day of agreement.

One might like to say "Amen" to Mr. Matveyev's generalities, and let it go at that. But dissent is "obligatory" when the aim of bringing an end to colonial rule is formulated as a scheme for producing a multiplicity of Congo situations, when the destruction of the authority of the UN Secretariat is proposed in the name of loyalty to the UN Charter, when the cart of disarmament is put before the horse of international inspection, and when, as on the Berlin issue, the principle of give-and-take is translated as having one side give and the other take.

*Izvestia's* commentator, like Premier Khrushchev in his congratulatory message to President-elect Kennedy, calls for new beginnings. By all means, let them be made. The advent of a new Administration is a time for fresh explorations – but there is never a time for jettisoning the prudence past experience dictates.

# Our Troubled Balkans

Two US-supported dictatorships in Central America managed last week to quell armed uprisings within their borders. Guatemala's Ydigoras Fuentes and Nicaragua's Luiz A. Somoza, using American-supplied tanks, aircraft and machine guns, rather easily suppressed rebel groups which they claimed had been aided by Fidel Castro. Nevertheless, both regimes were alarmed enough to ask for, and get, American naval support. President Eisenhower interrupted his Augusta vacation to order an aircraft carrier and some destroyers to patrol the Mosquito Coast and prevent any landings by sea-borne guerrillas. (Wouldn't heads turn if the US Navy were someday to steam to the defense of a democratic regime, one worth defending, one that had a reasonable chance of surviving for more than the next 12 months!) Meanwhile, the US, Argentina, Brazil and Chile are continuing to withhold recognition from the junta that seized power in El Salvador last month, fearing the new regime may have "Cuban-type tendencies."

Again, a crisis in the Caribbean reminds us of the instability of an area where some 70 percent of the population is made up of illiterate and landless peasants, where a handful of wealthy landowners and politicians scoop up the biggest share of a national income that averages $239 per capita per year, and where governments have always been shaky, dictatorial, or both. Here, as elsewhere in Latin America, Washington has identified our national interest with governments that keep order, that cooperate with United Fruit and Electric Bond & Share. When the Arbenz regime in Guatemala expropriated 234,000 acres of United Fruit Company lands and began to distribute Soviet-bloc arms to a civilian militia, the US government sponsored a revolution and restored the old order.

The situation in a country like Nicaragua is so similar to that in Batista's Cuba as to leave no grounds for complacency. Once more, there is the pattern of a primitive economy – poverty, disease and 80 percent illiteracy; domination of business and politics by a grasping oligarchy and a few American corporations, and openly expressed friendship for the dictator by the US Ambassador (Thomas E. Whalen, a former North Dakota potato farmer appointed in 1951 by President Truman). Washington's only constructive response so far to the threat of Castroism in Central America has been to offer to supply a $2 million grant and $8 million in credit to the development bank that the four countries (excluding Costa Rica) are to set up next year. In view of the whole area's grave economic problems and the crisis caused by low coffee prices and trouble in the banana industry, this sum is pretty small change; the private fortune of the Somoza family is at least six times as large.

It is not quite clear whether or not Cuban arms are actually reaching Central American rebels, or in what



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amount; but Cuban propaganda certainly is. Arbenz and other exiles are now gathering in Havana, and are working in full accord with the Castro government. Guatemalan peasants who got a taste of power and a promise of land before the 1954 "revolution," banana workers in Honduras who have heard something about the improvement of living standards in Cuba, Nicaraguans who have known no other rule but that of the Somoza clan for a quarter of a century, are beginning to grumble. The most that can be hoped for at this moment is that the retiring Administration will manage to get through the next two months without getting involved in any real shooting in the Caribbean.

# Kennedy in the South

Shortly before the Terrifying Tuesday, advisors close to the President-elect, speculating on the result of victories of various dimensions, whispered that if the win were a wide one, suits for divorce might be brought by the National Democratic Party in the most flagrant cases of non-support in the South. That kind of a win didn't materialize. The South's case for consideration in the new Administration is thus stronger than it might otherwise have been. True, 43 of 104 electoral votes of the 11-state South went to Nixon, and of the remainder, the eight unpledged electors in Mississippi and the six out of 11 in Alabama brought Kennedy's total for the region down to a little below half. But in the 13-state South that includes Maryland to the northeast and Texas to the southwest, he had a majority that took on decisive proportions as final absentee ballot returns came in from California.

"The South," however, is many things. It is Negroes and whites, LeRoy Collins and Orville Faubus, poor farmers and a new middle class and new industrial managers. Senator Johnson's efforts helped enlist the cooperation of such conservative leaders as Sen. Richard Russell of Georgia, and Kennedy won handily there. In South Carolina, where former Secretary of State, Supreme Court Justice and Governor James Byrnes was an outspoken supporter of Nixon, the vote was close and only pulled over the line by Negro preferences for the Kennedy-Johnson ticket.

This very mixed bag gives the President-elect a measure of freedom to select. The South is entitled to consideration as one of the essential elements of his victory. But there is room for interpretation when the new Administration defines the word "South."

The top Democrats who either declared for Nixon (like former Governor Byrnes or Governor Shivers of Texas), or whose undeclared intentions, as in the case of Senator Byrd and Congressmen Smith and Tuck of Virginia were potent factors in Democratic losses, or even those who murmured that they would vote for the ticket but do no more (like Senator Holland of Florida) can hardly expect enthusiasm by the new Administration for projects dear to their hearts; neither can men like Ross Barnett of Mississippi, who promoted the campaign for unpledged electors throughout the South.

In Louisiana, however, where the Democratic Party was kept loyal only by a two-vote margin in the State Central Committee, such pro-Kennedy Congressmen as Hale Boggs have every reason to expect a friendly White House reception.

An indication of the kind of "South" with which Kennedy as President may most desire to work closely is foreshadowed in the dispatch out of Florida suggesting that Governor Luther Hodges of North Carolina may find a place in the Cabinet. North Carolina has taken moderate, successful steps toward compliance with the Supreme Court decision. It has an increasingly modern economy, with state support for progress. Whether or not Governor Hodges does enter the Cabinet, Mr. Kennedy's recognition of such Southerners as the North Carolina leader will in time give the Democratic Party less of a regional, and more of a national structure than it has had over a long past. And such rewards might also have a salubrious effect on other kinds of Southern "Democrats," who have heretofore had their committee assignments and their patronage – and their Republican allegiances too.

# Way Down Yonder

A lawless, irresponsible Governor, abetted by a like-minded legislative majority, bears the sole responsibility for last week's New Orleans water carnival. The sportive teenagers who danced and chanted in front of the fire hoses hardly represent a weighty element of public opinion in the city. For the rest, the crowds embraced some few miscellaneous drifters and a crew of fishwives, and one of the latter, in baring her mind for CBS news, neatly fixed responsibility for the spectacle. She was going to demonstrate against desegregation, she said, and keep her little one out of school until this thing was settled. And it wasn't settled yet. The Governor and the Legislature in Baton Rouge had said so.

But of course, the thing *is* settled, and the Governor and his boys know it just as well as that exemplary public servant, Judge J. Skelly Wright of the US District Court in New Orleans. They are merely playing games with the judge, passing more and more bizarre bills for him to enjoin. There were still some new things left for Governor Faubus to try at the time of Little Rock, and the least (though also the most) that could be said for him was that he seriously tried them, and at some degree of risk. There is nothing new left for Governor Jimmie Davis to try. His lack of seriousness was apparent in his token use of state troopers. All that this



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*"Help!"*

latest in a lamentable succession of Governors of Louisiana is doing is to put on a show of how to make political capital (as he sees it) without actually putting your authority in play and risking its certain rebuke. He is inciting, and thus corrupting and using, the lowest orders of the New Orleans population.

Judge Wright stands firm, and the mobs will tire. President Eisenhower could let them know "this thing *is* settled," and that would help, where a telegram from the Attorney General to the Governor didn't, of course. But the President is on the golf course in Augusta (it was Newport when Little Rock began), obsessed with monetary policy.

# Tuskegee's Negro Voters

The Deep South's current rage to hold on to its segregationist past and damn the consequences is doing many terrible things to its white people – and not only in New Orleans. One of the least terrible, though nonetheless regrettable, is that what used to be a distinguished segment of the Bar threatens to become a collection of very bad lawyers. Only a bad lawyer, for example, would have felt any confidence in the Alabama legislature's design for segregated government in Tuskegee, which the Supreme Court unanimously struck down last week. Of course, bad lawyers curse the umpire when they lose, and so some in the Deep South will now say the Court flouted its own precedents and procedures and laid down an arbitrary rule in furtherance of its nefarious scheme to suppress the white South. In fact the Court just made good, simple law.

The city of Tuskegee used to be a sensible square on the map. In 1957, the legislature changed its boundaries, as Mr. Justice Frankfurter said writing for the Court, "into a strangely irregular 28-sided figure," with the sole effect of removing from the city "all save only four or five of its 400 Negro voters while not removing a single white voter or resident." Segregated government! The Constitution, said the Supreme Court quoting from an earlier case, "nullifies sophisticated as well as simple-minded modes of discrimination."

Alabama's lawyers hoped to pass muster by relying on precedents that established the power of a state generally to define the boundaries of municipalities, and on a more recent line of cases in which the Court declined to blow the whistle on the time-honored if not altogether reputable political sport of gerrymandering. But the law is not a jigsaw puzzle, nor a bag of tricks, nor a ritual incantation of empty formulas, and so these remote analogues did not cover "this essay in geometry and geography," whose effect "is to despoil colored citizens, and only colored citizens, of their theretofore enjoyed voting rights."

# The List-Makers

Washington has become a betting man's town, with any odds available on any man for any job in the Kennedy Administration. And for each book-maker, there are two list-makers, ready to supply the names of those best-qualified, most deserving or most likely for the many positions soon to be filled. The one requirement most of the list-makers agree upon is that a Republican or two must be appointed. This is not inconsistent with Mr. Kennedy's campaign pledges, for he said at Bangor, Maine, on September 2 that "I am not going to attempt only to select men for positions of high leadership who have the word Democrat after their name."

But who? And on whose terms? *The Wall Street Journal* warns Mr. Kennedy that he "would find it difficult to give the sort of assurance of fiscal or monetary prudence that a Black or a McCloy certainly would insist upon as a prerequisite to taking the job [Secretary of the Treasury]. . . . It is safe to say none of the bankers most often cited by the Kennedy people would lend his name as a conservative façade for a deficit spending, inflationary economic program."

The *Journal's* reserve is reasonable. Bipartisanship that is more than a façade can extend only so far as the boundaries of a bipartisan consensus actually exist. But those boundaries are fairly broad. If Douglas Dillon



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(who has served under Eisenhower) and the President-elect are of like mind on fiscal and foreign economic policy (and they appear to be), Mr. Dillon as Secretary of the Treasury could be helpful in mobilizing two-party support for Administration policies. The key is like-mindedness, not label. Mr. Kennedy needs and will no doubt seek help from Republicans – but Republicans who share his outlook insofar as their assignments are involved. He doesn't need camels in his tent.

# Subsidized Railways

"The dignity of railroad presidents no longer exists," in the opinion of George Alpert, president of the financially ailing New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. A newspaper picture of Mr. Alpert waiting, hat in hand, outside a closed office door for two Governors to decide whether his railroad deserved a handout provides an intriguing contrast to those 19th Century railroad tycoons on whom politicians waited, hat in hand.

As it turned out, the two Governors (Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut and Nelson E. Rockefeller of New York) decided to recommend tax relief (which really amounts to a subsidy, although politicians prefer not to call it that), but they added that any relief "will be contingent upon the provision by the railroad of improved commuter service" (joint statement issued in New York, October 25, 1960). For riders on the New Haven whose travels have so often been a nightmare of engine breakdowns, temperatures ranging from freezing to 98 degrees inside cars, and a view of the landscape outside through a well-cracked and dirty window, these are promising words. But how are the Governors going to guarantee better passenger service?

Certainly the record of management on the New Haven in recent years does not reflect prudence in the spending of a dollar. The Connecticut Public Utilities commissioners shook their heads in disbelief, for instance, when they found that the board of directors ordered three experimental, high-speed trains costing roughly $4 million before even one was tested to find out if it would work on the New Haven's track. Two of them proved unfeasible and the third could not be used as a high-speed train, but only in sections as part of regular trains.

After finding repeated instances of "blatant mismanagement," the Connecticut commissioners recommended to the Governor and state legislature that a "watchdog" be appointed to supervise the use of subsidies given to the New Haven. They did not say who the guardian should be, however. The logical agencies to monitor railroad subsidies are the public service or public utility commissions in the states and/or the Interstate Commerce Commission, if the federal government enters the picture.

Yet these regulatory agencies are the very ones that have presided over the decline of passenger service. Full fledged investigations of Mr. Alpert's line by these agencies did not get underway until early this year, yet commuters had been flooding their legislators, Governors and Congressmen with complaints about poor service long before. Governor Ribicoff had received enough mail on the subject as early as 1955 to order his PUC to make an investigation then. Recommendations were dutifully made and just as dutifully forgotten, even though Mr. Alpert assured the Governor he would cooperate fully to carry them out. Until this year, the ICC had not made public any concern over the findings of its own inspections of the New Haven's equipment, though in June, 1959, the ICC's Bureau of Railroad Safety reported that 42 percent of the line's locomotives inspected were defective and should have been corrected before they were put into use.

The record of these public regulatory agencies suggests that they have had little bark and no bite. If the agencies do not have enough authority to do their job, then those planning to prop up the New Haven and other deficit-ridden railroads ought to spell out specific standards of service to be enforced, and give the agencies the needed enforcement power. If this cannot be done, then it is time for public transit authorities themselves to run commuter service.

The New Haven says it needs $20 million a year from outside sources in order to provide a clean and modern passenger service, something it has not been able to do on its own. But this is the same railroad that in 1956 gave its president a five-year contract calling for payment averaging $120,000 a year and then claimed shortly thereafter that it did not have the money to keep cars clean. The estimated cost of "Operation Sparkle" (a program to clean up cars, announced after the heat of the investigation was on) was less than the amount the railroad spent in 1958 for outside public relations consultants.

# Jenkinson's Law

We offer another illustration of Jenkinson's Law ("everybody's crazy").

The movement of Western European integration has been advanced, of recent years, by the adoption of standard international traffic rules, road signs and terminology. Among the terms of the standardized vocabulary now used by all countries, whatever their language, is the word "STOP" – at intersections and other appropriate points. (One consequence is the development of a new French verb, "stoper," unsanctioned by the French Academy.) The use of this English word is now established in all countries except England, where the term used is "HALT."



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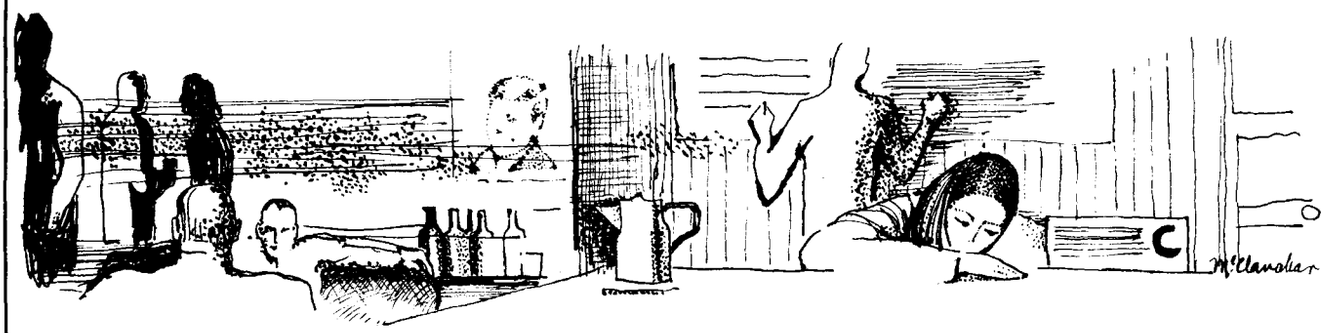

# Waiting for the Word on Baker Street

*London*

We in London had long since lost or won our battles for absentee ballots by November 8, according to the vagaries of state laws, and had mailed them off. Our readings of the *Times* and the *Guardian* had convinced us that the English newspapers, at least, found Mr. Kennedy the more appealing candidate, but whether the American people did remained a question. Indeed, one day the *Guardian* printed two lead articles, one by Joseph Alsop expressing confidence that Kennedy would carry the South, the other by Alistair Cooke handing that region to Nixon. My employer, after inquiring which was the most conservative, consulted her palmist and announced that she was terribly sorry but Mr. Nixon was a sure thing. Thus assured we made our way through the 2 a.m. London fog to a flat on Baker Street where a select group of the American émigrés and a few others were meeting for an election party.

The Baker Street flat looked like any other ugly furnished flat in the world, but it had been embellished for the occasion with marks of the ancient election ritual – posters, radios, charts, beer and coffee. The select group consisted largely of those types who are periodically and temporarily thrown off across the Atlantic by the fates of Fellowship, Job, Army and Wanderlust. On arrival in London they had settled down to meet all the other Americans, and had carried on life exactly as they had in Scarsdale or L.A. Nothing seems to stop their rate of collecting children and dogs, or their pleasure in signing up on the waiting list for housing developments. Even an occasional Republican hovered hopefully by the radio and an English girl had already fallen asleep in the middle of the room. A Chinese girl from the London cast of *Flower Drum Song* was, for a long time, the only person who could make any sense of the uncontrollable rise and fall volume of the Voice of America. A small dark boy with a red crayon in one hand, a black in the other, continually wrote up numbers on the charts – with both hands – like a weather announcer. He was the first to come, and the last to go, and no one ever knew who he was. We drank gallons of Irish coffee, which had seemed the best compromise for a long night, and it has a very salutary effect on the common cold. (Everyone has colds by now in England, Scotland and Wales.)

At last someone ventured to say that it really looked as though Kennedy might possibly win, but as yet there was no jubilation, only the slightly puzzled air of intellectuals too young to remember ever having backed a winner. The radio crackled in the corner of the room (could the new President perhaps do something about improving the nearly inaudible Voice?) and the charts were absolutely invisible in the smoke. At five, eggs and bacon appeared, disappeared, and then the Republicans and these hardy non-Americans drifted away.

Twenty people remained, and the conversation, which had been carefully skirting the purpose of the party, began to close in. We began to play winners games like "Name the Cabinet" and "What will Mr. Nixon do now?" And still there was no jubilation. We waited for the moment, the end, the Concession. We read today that Hyannis Port was robbed of its torchlight parade. Their disappointment was acute, and so was ours, for the moment never came when we could shout and break things and wake up all the neighbors and proclaim that we were moving ahead. The Voice, we were told, stopped broadcasting to Southeast Asia, the BBC woke up and told us – over and over and over – about Jack's boyhood; Mr. Nixon went to bed trailing nebulous words, and Mr. Kennedy went to bed, but we had stayed up. The moment had somehow never come, and we would have to read all the papers before we believed it, even though it was time for us to go to bed. Back out on Baker Street there was a thick yellow fog, and a Bobby on a bicycle floated out of it, passed us, and disappeared. Suddenly we had left our American smoke-filled room and were back in London. But it's all right Jack, now we can come home again.

Jane Jencks



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# Medical Care for the Aged

The week before his election, John Kennedy committed himself and his party to obtain promptly – within the first 30 days of the 87th Congress – legislation assuring adequate medical care for the aged – 16 million men and women who are 65 or older. That some assistance to those hardest hit by chronic illnesses, diminution of income and rising medical costs must be given is widely accepted. But there is wide divergence on how it should be done. There are, however, certain guidelines which any program entitled to be called "adequate" should follow:

First, the prevention of illness, and the limiting of disability through early diagnoses and treatment should be primary aims.

Second, hospitalization should, wherever possible, be restricted to serious illness.

Third, emphasis should be given to long-term care in the patient's home.

Fourth, high-standard convalescent and rehabilitative services, including nursing homes and out-patient centers, should be provided for.

Fifth, because they are such a heavy item in the medical care budget of older men and women – including those not in need of steady hospital or physician's care – the cost of drugs and medicines should be made part of any balanced medical care insurance program.

Regrettably, this list omits physicians' and surgeons' fees. The governing reason for that is that in order to make the basic idea of medical care for the aged palatable to enough politicians, all the legislative proposals – starting with Aime Forand's HR 4700 a few years ago – have had to peg the percentage deductions from payrolls at one-half percent of the first $4,800 earned, to be shared equally by employee and employer. Given this limitation, the aggregate of taxable incomes under Social Security will be about $210 billion in 1961, a half percent of which is only $1 billion. This amount, which would be placed in a separate medical insurance fund administered by Social Security, sets the framework within which a determination must be made of the wisest manner of distributing funds as between all the kinds and degrees of health services.

There is a further reason for such omission: the lamentable but powerful opposition of organized medicine to the entire notion of financing medical care for the aged through Social Security. Perhaps the doctors themselves will someday favor a Social Security program of medical care for their older patients, even to the extent of advocating an increase in the payroll deduction; for after all, as they are prone to tell us, "somebody has to pay," and what more efficient way is there for arranging such payments than prepayment during one's working years for the costs of adequate health services during the years of retirement? But the physicians have not come around to that yet.

Given, therefore, the present accepted limit of one-half percent of payroll, the following specific provisions should be included in the legislation. They are derived from the recommendations in the bill introduced by Sen. Pat McNamara, as a result of the intensive studies and consultations made by his Subcommittee on Problems of the Aged and Aging, and originally co-sponsored by 23 other Senators, including Mr. Kennedy:

1. 90 days of hospital care per year, with no deductible principle.

2. 180 days of care in a skilled nursing home.

3. 240 days of care at home in a supervised home health program.

4. Out-patient diagnostic services such as laboratory tests and X-rays.

5. Payment of a portion of the costs of major drugs.

6. All retired persons eligible – men over 65, women over 62 who are not employed.

The first three kinds of benefits would be provided on a substitution-ratio basis; that is, for each unused hospital day, the individual would be entitled to two days of nursing home care, or 2⅔ days of home health care (visiting nurses, therapists, *etc.*). Such a formula, it should be noted, encourages the more rational use of health facilities and services, and would tend to reduce (by at least 10 percent) the number of hospital days per aged patient, which now stands at about 15 days for each hospitalized older patient.

We agree that the Forand Bill would have excluded at least a million persons not eligible for Social Security benefits. The answer to this objection, however, is a simple one: Through direct federal appropriation (the new net cost of which would be minor when one considers the amounts already being expended through such programs as Old Age Assistance), a Medical Insurance Fund, under Social Security, could provide



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identical benefits to those men and women who retired before Social Security covered their occupations. These appropriations would decline as the numbers of such persons decrease in the future (nine out of 10 persons in the labor force today are covered by Social Security). The McNamara bill would provide for such protection

It may be recalled that in the closing days of the special August session in the Senate, there was an attempt to amend the omnibus Social Security measure on the floor by offering a smaller package of benefits to be financed through the Forand-McNamara principles of Social Security payroll deductions. This compromise would have reduced the numbers of persons eligible to 9 million beneficiaries aged 68 and over, and also imposed an undesirable deductible feature (hospital benefits paid by the medical insurance fund only after the patient has first paid a certain amount, which discourages an initial seeking of medical attention, especially among the aged with lowest incomes). Even this compromise failed, by a vote of 51 to 44, because of the threat of a Presidential veto of the entire 1960 Social Security bill, the closing of ranks among all Republicans but one (Case of New Jersey), and the defiant negativism of every single Southern Democrat, still smarting from the Los Angeles convention. None of these circumstances need reoccur in 1961. Four or five Republican Senators (Mr. Javits, for one) will no longer be bound to obey Nixon's August orders to vote "Nay" (he was personally present on the floor – not in the Presiding Officer's chair – on the day of the 51-44 setback). And such Democrats as Robert Kerr, Lister Hill, John Sparkman and Russell Long can be expected to be loyal supporters of the new President's public welfare recommendations.

On the House side, the prospects are somewhat dimmer – not because a majority would vote against the kind of bill Mr. Kennedy wants, but because of the obstacle course it must run (through Ways and Means and Rules Committees) before reaching the floor. But under sustained pressure from the President, the Vice President, the Speaker and liberals in both parties, a satisfactory enactment is entirely possible.

# Reviving the Camp David Spirit

## *Communication from a Soviet Journalist*

*Moscow*

My attention has been attracted by an article in *The New Republic* of September 19 last, written in anticipation of the 15th session of the UN General Assembly. Entitled "Eisenhower on the Stage" it reads in part as follows: "Now the adversary has come here to use the cause against us – to try to secure a working majority in the General Assembly in support of his own ends. . . . If we are to counteract the Soviet initiative in the General Assembly, we shall muster what effort and intellect we have."

Putting it another way, the magazine called for a rebuff of the Soviet Union apriori, irrespective of what Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev was going to propose at the General Assembly. Unfortunately, I have failed to see what *The New Republic* thinks of proposals the Soviet Union made at the Assembly. The above point of view, however, throws, I believe, a revealing light on the frame of mind which reigns supreme in the US press and indeed elsewhere. Referring to it at the height of the Cold War in the summer of 1949, the *Atlantic Monthly* wrote: "American foreign policy in the last four years has been a mirror image of Russian foreign policy: we would do the opposite of what the Russians did. . . . No person could be appointed to a public post, if it was not known that he hated the Russians, and no proposal could be carried, if it was not proved that it would not be to the Russians' taste."

Of course, many changes have taken place in the world in the last 10 years. Nowadays, negativism in foreign policy, permanent opposition to anything, and negation without affirmation may lead to a point of no return. On the other hand, real progress in the international field is inconceivable without removing the roadblocks and obstacles both inherited from World War II and heaped up in the years of the Cold War.

In the fall of 1959 the ice which had bound the shores of international life seemed to begin thawing. A warm and refreshing wind blew and, what is most important, all the UN members showed striking unanimity with respect to the necessity of general and complete disarmament. That ideal of nations had been given new wings.

It is significant that the driving force behind that wholesome process was the rapprochement that was



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taking shape between the United States and the Soviet Union, which tapped great reserves of good will in the world's two biggest countries. No wonder. There is much in common between the Soviet and American people: diligence, yearning for all that is new, thirst for knowledge and technical progress, frankness, sense of humor, love of their respective countries and a tradition of freedom and struggle for independence.

Good qualities in people, however, may be developed or damped. The same applies to relations between states. Like a precious flower, peace and friendship need care; they will only survive and develop in a favorable soil. This brings us to a thing which caused much heated argument in the United States – the proposals the Soviet Union submitted for consideration by the General Assembly. They boil down to the following: an end to all survivals of colonialism, general and complete disarmament under strict international control, promotion of cooperation between all states on the basis of the principles of peaceful coexistence and the United Nations Charter.

As can be seen, the proposals cover all vital fields of modern international relations and – quite naturally – have a direct bearing on Soviet-American relations. Undoubtedly, no progress is possible in disarmament without joint efforts of the United States and the Soviet Union. But it is equally clear that the participation of the United States and the Soviet Union is not everything. The discussion of the problem within the United Nations gives a chance to learn the viewpoints of all those concerned. This of course implies rather than excludes the possibility and, indeed, necessity of the American and the Soviet sides discussing the problem between themselves. It is no accident that speaking over the American television, the Soviet Premier expressed his confidence that after all there would be a meeting between him and the new American President to discuss the matters of concern to both sides. Not only can and must the spirit of Camp David be revived, it must bear tangible fruit.

It may be asked: Is it possible to come to terms with the other side?

As to the Soviet approach to the disarmament problem, the proposal that the carriers of nuclear weapons be destroyed under strict international control during the first stage of disarmament is evoking interest, to my knowledge, in the United States itself – if we leave out strongly biased statements. For that would remove to a considerable degree, if not altogether, the danger of a surprise attack or the danger of an inadvertent mistake. Just recall the alerts announced in the United States when flocks of birds or showers of meteorites were mistaken on radar screens for enemy missiles or bombers approaching the country.

It is hardly necessary to stress the wholesome effect such an improvement in the world climate might have on Soviet-American relations. The atmosphere in the United States would relax, too. It has been maintained in the Western press that the roadblock that prevents such a step being taken is the superiority of Soviet ground forces in Europe, which constitute a "threat" to West Europe. But the Soviet Union has more than once expressed its readiness to reduce its armed force and conventional armaments to the agreed level, if the United States and other states should do the same. Indeed, when the Soviet plan for disarmament has been realized, there will be no armed forces – the Soviet Union's or anybody else's – in Europe; nor will there be any ground for fear and talk of "threats."

Anticolonialism is another pivotal problem today. Its early solution is all the more important, the more acute since we must prevent further conflicts and wars, and put an end to the Cold War. The Congo's example shows how an aggravated situation in an area which seems to be far away from the United States and the Soviet Union may cause tension in their relations and, consequently, threaten world peace. The redivision of the world at the turn of the century – when colonialism had reached its apogee – was one of the main causes of World War I. The expansionism of the fascist powers which were seeking colonies led to World War II. Therefore, the retreat of colonialism today and its eventual extinction open up the bright prospects of a lasting and durable peace.

US-USSR cooperation in the vital problems of the present day will appreciably advance the day when there will be no threat of war in the world, and when relations between states will be those of understanding and friendship.

V. MATVEYEV
*Diplomatic Correspondent, Izvestia*

THE LINES in *The New Republic* of September 19 with which Mr. Matveyev disagrees were evidently read by him in Russian and subsequently translated back into English in a slightly different form. As originally published (and entitled "Eisenhower to the Bullpen"), the sentences he quotes read as follows: "Now the adversary is here to exploit the venture against us – to persevere in organizing a working majority of the Assembly to support his own purposes . . . Countering the Soviet initiatives in the General Assembly will require the best thought and effort we can give."

Comment on Mr. Matveyev's communication appears on pages three and four of this issue.

THE EDITORS



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THAT OMINOUS EXODUS OF AMERICAN GOLD

# The Case for Micawberism

*by Edwin L. Dale, Jr.*

*Paris*

Our nagging, distressing balance of payments deficit – with its ominous loss of gold – is either one of two things. It is either "chronic," meaning that something has to be done about it that will be very painful. Or it is bad luck, coincidence, meaning that with ordinary prudence it will soon come right in the ordinary course of events.

This will be the case for Micawberism – waiting for something to turn up. If we wait, and do not madly inflate through a huge budget deficit or needlessly cheap money (which nobody advocates) it will come right.

As Mr. Micawber's advocate I must confess, with due pomposity, that if I am mistaken there could be a major world crisis. People will constantly throw at me what the French roadside advertisements say: "Insurance is only expensive *before* the accident."

But the expense of this insurance is very great: Cutting American imports through high tariffs or quotas; trying (and failing) to force Europe into major expenses for our troops that it should not be asked to undertake; pulling out the troops; cutting our foreign aid program; adopting a probably unenforceable program of controls over the freedom of American tourists and American firms and American banks to spend their money abroad.

The outgoing Eisenhower Administration has already decided that the country cannot wait for our luck to turn. It acted quite drastically last week – not only by cutting down on military dependents, but, more important in the long run, by major extension of "Buy American" in foreign aid.

In the present climate of suspicion of the dollar, the gold rush in London, the big new US gold outflow and a bad third-quarter balance-of-payments figure, the action was understandable. But it has undesirable consequences and an air of being panicky.

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What is the case for just waiting? As suggested, the case rests on the proposition that the United States in the past three years has suffered from an unusual run of bad luck – this year (1960) above all.

In all three years the deficit in the balance of payments was upward of $3 billion: too much to be sustained from now on, though sustainable up to now.

In 1958 we had a recession, a $12 billion budget deficit, and interest rates during the first half of the year below 2 percent. We suffered a huge outflow of capital as a result. Our exports also fell off from the artificial level of 1957, which had been affected by Suez.

In 1959 Europe had a recession, in the first half of the year, the small car problem hit its peak, and we had a major steel strike. Our exports fell and our imports rose. We did not lose much capital but our trade balance was the worst it has been since World War II.

In 1960 came the cruelest blow of all. It now appears that in the third-quarter, the capital outflow may have reached an annual rate of $2 billion, which is staggeringly large by any measure. But at the same time our imports have stabilized (steel and autos both sharply *down* despite talk about "pricing ourselves out of world markets") and our exports rose sharply. The export improvement was not quite as good as it seemed because of some special factors in the agriculture sector, but it was very good nonetheless. We have had a quite satisfactory export surplus.

But Europe was booming and, after about April, we began slumping. Once again our interest rates were low and our stock market sluggish, theirs high in both respects. And once again we suffered a huge outflow of capital as a result – favored this time by the new convertibility and strength of the European currencies. The payments deficit was nearly as big as ever.

This picture suggests bad luck, rightly, but it does leave one serious question.

We can reasonably assume that if the United States economy is prospering, with the normal consequence of fairly high interest rates and an optimistic stock market, we will not unduly lose capital. Direct investment of new dollars by American firms abroad, despite all the talk about the European Common Market, has not risen over-all in recent years and is sustainable. *What*



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*has hurt in 1958 and 1960 was short-term banking funds and stock market funds. These will not go out if we prosper. Quite a lot, in fact, will come back.*

But can we assume that if America is prosperous its export surplus will remain at the necessary level (the 1960 level) of at least $3-4 billion? The question arises because our return to a big export surplus this year coincided with a domestic letdown and a foreign boom – demand good overseas and poor at home. German automobile firms were buying American machine tools because they could get delivery in America and could not get delivery in Europe.

It is certain that if business in Europe lets down, our exports will fall off. But we will get a bonus on the capital side in those circumstances, if we are prospering. The question is whether our export surplus will hold up if *both* we and Europe are prospering – the conditions everyone desires.

No one can answer that question for certain. But the evidence from the past suggests that our exports will do all right. They have done all right in the past in conditions of prosperity at home. America has a "chronic" export surplus, until the facts prove differently. The year 1959 was an aberration and proved nothing.

This assumes, of course, that we do not inflate. At the moment our wages are rising less rapidly than those of our competitors, and our prices are not rising at all, while some of theirs are rising slightly. Time could very well be working in our favor in this respect.

### *An Alternative Policy*

Now let us return briefly to the alternative, to a policy of hoping for the best.

As a practical matter, there is only one acceptable additional "action" that is open to our government that would have a *significant* effect in reducing our dollar outflow. This is to get Europe to pay for our troops there, directly or by some indirect device. About $1.5 billion is involved.

On its face, this idea seems both plausible and reasonable. It is pointed out that the European nations now have plenty of gold, that there is no balance-of-payments reason why they cannot make a contribution to our troop costs (a generalization, incidentally, that does not hold for all European countries; France is still an exception, despite major recent improvements, and Britain is probably an exception too). It is also pointed out that the Europeans are paying for defense a notably smaller proportion of their gross national products than we are. And, of course, it is pointed out that they are "prospering."

Let us take up these contentions one by one.

The first is true, on the whole. But it says only that one of several obstacles to the suggested European effort has been removed.

The second is also true, but it is misleading. *Total* public expenditure – defense and non-defense – in Europe is roughly as large in proportion to total output as ours. Europe's civilian expenditure is higher. Germany has a fantastic range of outlays – much stemming from the war – on housing, veterans, refugees, etc.

All of this means that Europeans in general are taxed almost as heavily as we are. Tax burdens are almost impossible to compare precisely, but the generalization is safe.

Thus any further government outlays to support or pay for our troops would create a major fiscal strain almost everywhere in Europe. And that gets to the third point.

Europe is "prospering," true. But Europe is not "rich," by comparison with the US. Europe has full employment and improving standards of living, but those standards are still only about half ours. Thus, additional taxes in Europe would bite into consumption standards proportionately heavier in Europe than in the United States.

What all this adds up to for me – though my guess may be wrong – is that Europe simply will not pay for our troops if it is asked to do so. At most, our allies might jointly put up some small fraction of the roughly $1.5 billion annually that our European military effort costs us in the balance-of-payments sense.

If this guess is right, would it be wise for us to ask for something we would not get? Is it worth embittering relations? If Americans are told Europe ought to do more, and Europe does not do more, the alliance will not be helped.

At least, let us wait another year. If business in America turns up and Europe continues to prosper without booming – both likely prospects – our balance of payments deficit in 1961 would almost certainly be drastically reduced or even eliminated. We would continue to have a big export surplus and, instead of many hundreds of millions of dollars of volatile capital outflow, we might have an actual inflow of short-term and stock market capital. The crisis would be over.

Finally, there is a most heartening lesson to be drawn from the "three lean years." It is this: Prosperity at home is good, not bad, for the American balance of payments. We do not have to deflate to prevent a gold and payments crisis. If the new Administration acts, within only reasonable bounds of prudence, to help pick up the US economy from its near-recession, it can confidently expect this to help the payments situation, by reversing the volatile capital outflow without significantly impairing the export surplus.

Let America prosper and more things besides unemployment and growth rates will look a great deal better.



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COMMUNIST ADVANCES IN SOUTH ASIA

# "Borders Are Dissolved"

The last hope of saving anything out of the wreck in Laos seems to have passed. After the flurry of coups and counter-coups, Prince Souvanna Phouma has settled down to doing business with his brother Prince Souphanouvong, the Communist leader. Neutrality and coalition government are the immediate prospects, and a Communist take-over in the Communists' own good time is clearly indicated.

The US seemed to be prepared to make a stand in the cause of the militant anti-Communists; but its three principal Western allies in SEATO, Britain, France and Australia, pinning their non-existent hopes on "non-Communism," would not conform. Uncertain whether to fight the Pathet Lao or each other and abundantly supplied with contradictory advice from their Western friends, it is scarcely surprising that the Laotians have rapidly lost the will to resist the persuasive charms of Prince Souphanouvong.

Now, as a country, perhaps Laos does not amount to very much. It is not merely underdeveloped but totally undeveloped. Moreover, the current events are no occasion for surprise: the pattern became all too apparent more than a year ago, when the full extent of Communist penetration in the countryside – and the real ineptitude of the Royal Government – was first revealed. No one emerges with credit. The United States squandered huge sums of money on an Army the French failed to train. Britain and Australia contributed nothing but bad advice.

There are reasons, therefore, why Laos might be conveniently forgotten. But there are better reasons why it should not. What happened in Laos was not the result of special circumstances and local conditions which are unlikely to be repeated elsewhere. What we have seen is the Communist response to the challenge of SEATO. In its first test, SEATO has been out-flanked and by-passed. Just as the French once hoped to hold the Red River delta in Tongking by building a chain of blockhouses to keep out the Communists, SEATO sought to defend Southeast Asia by creating widely-separated allied strongposts of military forces. Since Communism is a state of mind and a man with a gun only one of its many manifestations, the Communist tide merely lapped around and past the French blockhouses. In the same way, it lapped past the SEATO strongposts and submerged Laos.

Even during its most militant phase the Communist strategy in the Far East called for the establishment of major resistance groups and "liberated" areas as the essential prerequisites for military intervention with "volunteers." Peking claims it has not been responsible for a single act of aggression in the 11 years since it brought all of China under control. This is a claim the West categorically rejects, but, in rejecting it, it also fails to comprehend the subtleties of Chinese tactics. Ideas, not battalions, are China's spearhead for foreign invasions. Borders are not crossed but dissolved. Against this sort of attack, SEATO is powerless.

Even as a purely military alliance, however, SEATO has shortcomings. It has no standing Army, no trip wire of treaty forces (as in NATO) to trigger off an automatic reaction to aggression. Its only real strength is, and always has been, the mobile air striking power and nuclear deterrent of the United States Armed Forces in the Far East. While it is inconceivable that an overt act of Communist aggression in Southeast Asia would not trigger off a US counter-stroke – and this would be the case with or without SEATO – carrier-based air fleets and nuclear bombs are not the answer to the current challenge.

SEATO was set up to save the protocol States of Indo-China – Laos, Cambodia and South Vietnam – from the Communists. The idea was that while this defense ring held firm, Thailand, Malaya and other countries in the region would have time to consolidate. Today the situation is that neither Laos nor Cambodia wants to be protected by SEATO. They feel that it has proved inadequate. Both are reconciled to the prospect now of getting along with the Communists.

This leaves only South Vietnam. But even here, in the firmest, most anti-Communist of all the Indo-China States, though a revolt against the government in November now seems to have been crushed, the prospects are very far from pleasing. The Communists did not waste their years of seeming inactivity here. When the Geneva Agreement in 1954 required their evacuation to the North, they left behind a political network, and even well-concealed dumps of arms and ammunition, greased and encased against the weather. Reinforced now by indoctrinated returnees, the local cadres are bent on establishing the sort of ideological cobweb that held rural Laos in its grasp. By the time SEATO understands what is going on there will be nothing of Indo-China left to defend.

DENIS WARNER



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# Save the Electoral College

*by Gus Tyler*

The Electoral College – the anachronistic device by which we elect the President of the United States – has been under heavy fire the past couple of weeks. Voters are shocked to discover that six Alabama electors running on the Democratic line need not vote for Kennedy; that eight Mississippi electors may use their votes to back Kennedy, Nixon or a third candidate perhaps unknown to the state's electorate; and that a man can become President with a minority of the popular vote.

Sen. Mike Mansfield, likely Senate Majority Leader, has recommended reform, as have Sen. George Smathers, head of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, Norman Thomas, Socialist, and Strom Thurmond, Dixiecrat. Sen. Karl Mundt has come up with a new model of an old plan for changing the apparently "undemocratic" character of the Electoral College, and as the popular vote margin between Nixon and Kennedy narrows, the cry for reform will grow louder.

All the new proposals claim to be more "democratic." Yet, curiously, the most democratic way to do the job is the least likely to get any sizable backing; namely, the direct election of the President by popular vote.

Heaviest opposition to the popular election of the President will not come from the large industrial and urban states but from the small rural states and from the South. The advantage enjoyed by the big states in the Electoral College (the unit rule that throws the entire slate of electors in a state to the party winning the slightest plurality) is more than offset by compensating advantages given the small and Southern states, for they have two extra electoral votes (for the two Senators), regardless of population. Thus Nevada with a population of 285,000 will be entitled in the next election to three electors (one for Nevada's Representative, plus two for its Senators). This is one electoral vote for every 90,000 inhabitants. On the other hand, California, with a population of 15 million will be entitled to 40 electors (38 for the Representatives plus two for the Senators), or one electoral vote for every 375,000 inhabitants. One inhabitant in Nevada is therefore worth more than four in California in Presidential elections. Southern states have a similar advantage arising from the fact that while the electoral vote is based on the *total population*, the decision as to how that vote will go is made by a relatively smaller number of voters. To illustrate, this year Virginia cast 12 electoral votes, based on its population. But only 759,000 people voted in the state for President. In Minnesota, on the other hand, with 11 electoral votes, more than 1.5 million voters went to the polls. Again, one vote in Virginia is about twice as powerful as a vote in Minnesota under our electoral system.

Imagine what would happen if the nation converted from the outmoded Electoral College to direct and popular election of a President. The small states would immediately lose their two extra electoral votes per state. The Southern states would pay in diminished influence for disfranchising their Negro population. Both the unpopulated and the disfranchising states would be cut down to size in the national balloting, which is why both of them will resist abolition of the electoral system to the bitter end.

Why, then, does the strongest push for reform of the system come from precisely these states? Not because they seek to end present inequities, but because they wish to rearrange the system to stack the results in favor of the one-party Republican states of the North or the one-party Democratic states of the South.

Let's review briefly the various plans for Electoral College reform. They fall into three categories:

1. Direct popular election – the most straight-forward and democratic method, and the least likely to succeed.
2. The proportional (or ratio) plan – the allocation of the electoral vote of each state in proportion to the popular vote. (In New York, this year, Kennedy with 52.8 percent of the popular vote would have received 23.75 electoral votes and Nixon 41.24).
3. The district plan – to elect one elector from each Congressional district, plus two at large in each state.

All of these plans may, in some form or other, be submitted to the next Congress for approval and thereafter to the states for ratification. Almost everyone will grant that direct election is the most "democratic," but it will be argued that it is politically unrealistic, and attention will center on plans "two" and "three" as being "more democratic" than the Electoral College. But on close examination, are they?

The proportional plan – giving each candidate his share of the state's electoral vote – has enjoyed great

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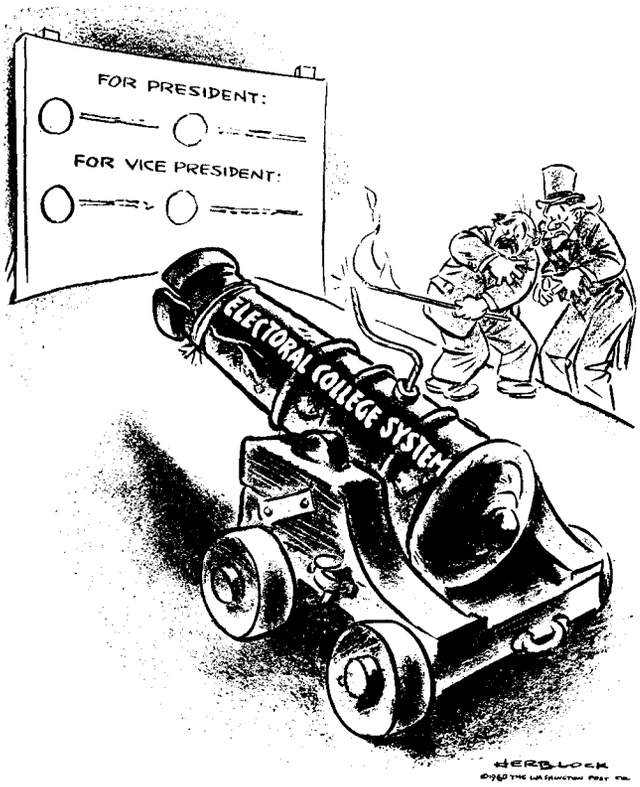


*"Some Day That Thing Is Going To Blow Up in My Face"*

popularity in recent years because it appears to break up the "unit rule." Originally sponsored by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts and Rep. Ed Gossett of Texas, the plan was revived in 1955 and attracted support from a number of liberal-minded Senators – until they took a second look.

A recalculation of past election results, if we assume the proportional plan had been in effect, shows that *more* minority Presidents would have been elected than under the present system. Only once, in 1888, has a candidate winning a majority of the popular vote, Grover Cleveland, been officially defeated in the electoral count. Under the ratio or proportional plan, a candidate with a majority of the votes would have been defeated in two elections: 1880 and 1896.

There are two reasons why the ratio plan can produce electoral defeats for candidates getting a majority of the popular votes. It provides that states with a small population will continue to get their electoral bonus for two Senators. And the South with its low voting participation, would get its full electoral vote – based on total population, not on those voting. These two discrepancies between the popular vote and the electoral vote are preserved in the ratio plan.

Why then is the plan so popular – especially in the one-party states of the South? The answer is that it would deprive the urban, industrial states of the one advantage they have now, the ability to vote a state as a unit, and would thus shift power away from that populous belt stretching from Massachusetts, through Illinois and Missouri, to California.

Consider how this "reform" would have affected the 1960 election. By carrying New York, California, Illinois, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, Kennedy would have picked up an edge of about four electoral votes over Nixon. This is because the Presidential vote was close in these great states, as they typically are in almost any election as a result of their pluralistic, metropolitan character. But in Alabama and Georgia alone, Kennedy would have picked up an edge of more than five electoral votes, because these are one-party states. And in Nebraska, Kansas, South and North Dakota alone, Nixon would have picked up an edge of more than four electoral votes.

The arithmetic of the "proportional" plan is simple: the populous states, since the results there are inevitably close, are cancelled out of the electoral equation, while the one-party states have a more pronounced influence on the outcome.

There are three inequities in the Electoral College – one favoring the small state, one favoring the low vote state, and one favoring the big state. Historically, this system has been 98 percent accurate – actually more accurate in reflecting the popular vote than the proportional scheme. Thus far, three wrongs have made one right! The proportional plan would upset the balance of countervailing evils by depriving the big states of their advantage while preserving to the small rural states and to the South their advantages.

While conservative Democrats out of the South tend to favor the "proportional plan," conservative Republicans, especially out of the Plains States tend to favor plan number "three" – the district plan. Senator Mundt of South Dakota has been its most persistent advocate. It would provide for one elector to be elected from each Congressional district. Two more would be elected on a statewide-at-large basis. Each state would have its traditional electoral strength, but within the state all the electors but two would be elected from separate districts, as are Congressmen.

Despite respectable backers (*i.e.* Arthur Krock) who are devoted to it, this "district" proposal is even more undemocratic than the undemocratic proportional scheme. The reason: the inequitable way in which Congressional districts are drawn up. Within the same state, one Congressional District is three times as large as another. Indeed in Mundt's own South Dakota, one Congressional district has a population of 159,099 and another has a population of 493,641. Both districts would cast but one electoral vote. Within one borough, Brooklyn, there are compact, neat, logical districts right beside a district that snakes its way across the county



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gobbling up every stray Republican within reach.

In state after state, election after election, one of the two political parties wins a majority of the popular vote and the other party winds up with a majority of the Congressional delegation. This happened in Ohio, Minnesota, Michigan and New York in 1958. In the election of 1954 in New York, California, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan and New Jersey the Democrats polled a total of 9,861,114 votes for their Congressional candidates while the Republicans polled only 9,759,205. But it was the Republicans who won a majority of the seats; 93 to the Democrats' 67.

The Republicans in the North hold dozens of seats not because they won the election but because of gerrymandering, and the power to gerrymander these "electoral districts" rests with the state legislatures, themselves more outrageously gerrymandered than the federal legislature. To use these Congressional districts as the basis for choosing electors to the Electoral College would be to gerrymander the Presidency.

But Senator Mundt has now modified his plan. Here it is in his words: "Set up a system of election districts *apart from the Congressional districts* in order to eliminate the so-called gerrymandering in favor of one party or another. Electoral districts would be of the same size and contiguous. Choose two of each state's electors at large. The state's remaining electors would be elected by people in single-member districts composed of contiguous and compact territory, containing as nearly as practicable the number of persons which entitled the state to one representative in Congress."

The core of the modification is the attempt to slay the gerrymander. The question is: with what weapon?

Who shall see to it that the districts are equal, contiguous and compact? At one time this was federal law. But it went unenforced, because the enforcement agency was Congress itself. And experience proved that a policeman assigned to police himself is often more blind than justice.

Shall the state legislatures be entrusted with the job? They have that responsibility now, and they handle it in shamelessly partisan fashion. In some states, the Legislature is really in contempt of court, refusing to redistrict despite court orders.

A traditional recourse where states have failed to redistrict properly has been to elect at large. But this would hardly be a punishment in a one-party state where all electors would be chosen *en bloc*. Indeed, this would give such states an advantage over all others.

This, then, is the first weakness of Mundt's proposal. But even if we could devise some sure-fire method of creating and maintaining fair districts, the system would still be unfair. And the inequity in this case, as in the case of the proportional plan, would arise for the same reasons. In the big states, where elections are normally close, the advantage to either party would be narrow. But in the one-party states, the advantage to any Presidential candidate would be great. (This year, New York elected 22 Democrats and 21 Republicans to the House of Representatives – an edge of one seat, or – if there were electoral districts as Senator Mundt would like – a difference of one elector. Nebraska elected 4 Republicans and no Democrats – an edge of 4. Alabama elected 9 Democrats and no Republicans – an edge of 9.)

In short, the district plan is far more undemocratic than the proportional plan, if Congressional districts are used; and it is just as bad as the proportional plan if electoral districts of equal size and compactness are used. (Actually, even with proper districting the plan would work out somewhat worse than the proportional plan because in a state where one party normally polls 60 to 70 percent of the total vote, that party is apt to carry every election district.)

In sum, of the three plans involving use of the electoral vote, the present Electoral College is the most democratic, the proportional system far less democratic, and the district plan the most weighted to favor rural elements that dominate state legislatures.

None of the plans guarantees a perfect reflection of the popular will. Only direct election of the President would accomplish that.

But a caveat on direct election! Since 1932, the White House has been occupied, most of the time, by a liberal-minded President. With the exception of Kennedy, these Presidents could have been elected without the South, because their main base of power was the solid bloc of electoral votes in the urban industrial states. And Kennedy was nominated only because he had the backing of these decisive states.

These Presidents repeatedly wrestled with a Congress dominated by a conservative coalition, a coalition that would not have had a majority without the aid of the gerrymander. Through the manipulation of district lines, state legislatures have given conservatism repeated, synthetic majorities in the Congress.

Under our present system, the urban industrial states – in a year when the liberal current is running strong – can overcome all their disadvantages in the Electoral College to elect a President, who then becomes a counter-weight to the unrepresentative House of Representatives and the unrepresentative Senate.

If a constitutional amendment is in order to abolish the Electoral College, let it provide for (a) an impartial agency, under court review and order, to set up fair Congressional districting, and (b) direct election of the President. That would be a real reform and go a long way to assuring more representative government in both legislative and executive branches of government. But will reformers back that?



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# Can The Republicans Do It?

The great disadvantage of a close election is that anything will explain it and everything is used to explain it. Especially when the obvious is uncomfortable to both parties, it is a moral certainty that the obvious will not even be considered.

The obvious in the instant case is the really astonishing unpopularity of Mr. Nixon. Early in the year this was clear enough to the old gray wolves of the GOP, who were snarling that Nixon couldn't win; but Ike had said the word, so they trailed along. They even brightened up when the Democrats spotted Nixon four million votes by nominating a Catholic, and some persuaded themselves that Nixon could win, after all.

But it was not to be. Even with the bitterly Protestant area of the Great American Desert handed to Nixon on a silver platter, he couldn't make it; and against a Protestant Democrat he would have been slaughtered as hideously as the unfortunate Landon. It is conceivable that Nixon might have beaten Ah Sin, the heathen Chinee, but no more formidable candidate.

Do you think, however, that this will be stressed by any of the political pundits? Nay, verily. They will ignore it because it reflects small credit on the political acumen of the professionals in both parties – on that of the Republicans for letting themselves be so bemused and bedazzled by Ike-idolatry as to act against their own best judgment; and on that of the Democrats for letting themselves be stampeded by a few Presidential primaries into taking such a risk as mere tyros in politics ought to have sense enough to avoid.

The Democrats, of course, are left in a fine position. They bet on the long shot and he came home by a whisker; so they will now attribute to themselves a political sapience surpassing that of Talleyrand, Metternich and Bismarck combined, ignoring the fact that the Republicans handed them the victory by nominating an impossible candidate, although their wiser leaders knew he was impossible.

It is the Republicans who ought to face the unpleasant truth. It is they who will have to find a new man in 1964; yet nobody but Senator Goldwater seems aware of the necessity, and Goldwater's choice apparently will be no man but some mummy dating from the reign of Pharaoh McKinley. Barring some unpredictable disaster, the Democratic nomination for 1964 is already made; it is the Republican who is as yet unknown.

It is even conceivable that they may nominate Nixon again, cherishing the delusion that he ran close on his own strength, not because his opponent was carrying the terrific weight of an ancient taboo. But a taboo, once broken with impugnity, is thereafter worthless. Next time Kennedy will be running free; and if he could win under the crushing load of religious prejudice, it will take a faster horse than Nixon to keep in sight of him when he is relieved of that load.

In 1964 Kennedy will be carrying only the weight of his own record, and if it is a good one, not even that. When a President is seeking re-election the handicap of a good record falls upon his opponent, and the handicap is usually decisive.

These are facts of life that the Republicans will ignore only at the price of a worse defeat than they suffered this year. Their one chance of recovery lies, not in building up Nixon, but in maintaining an intelligent opposition for the next four years. It is not a bad chance, for Kennedy is certain to encounter difficulties that an intelligent opposition can turn to advantage.

But it must be intelligent because Kennedy already has one alibi for almost anything that may happen. The country knows that his position is difficult and only the extremely stupid are expecting any miracles. Khrushchev and Castro are not going to evaporate. The business recession and its attendant unemployment problem will require some very careful handling. The racial problem is a long way from settled. Worst of all, public opinion has been persistently misled with regard to the true significance of world trends for the past eight years.

Kennedy would be superhuman if he did not make some mistakes, and the chance of the Republican Party is in taking advantage of those mistakes. But this calls for intelligence, for stupid opposition will do no more than create sympathy for Kennedy. Intelligent opposition implies an acute understanding of what the President is trying to do and ability to convince the country that he is actually defeating his own ends. Insinuations of treason and wickedness in general will assuredly re-elect Kennedy. The question is, has the Republican Party leaders capable of forging and using weapons of some other kind? And it is a large question.



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# A Voice from the Grave

*by John Wain*

"Why are so many people in England down on Cyril Connolly?" Edmund Wilson asked me, really wanting to know, when I first met him in 1957. He meant, of course, English writers and literary people generally, not the English public, who are so much the reverse of "down on" Mr. Connolly that he must be reckoned our most successful literary columnist. I mumbled some evasion, but

*Enemies of Promise*
by Cyril Connolly
(Doubleday-Anchor; $1.45)

the question continued to nag inside my head; Mr. Connolly's work *does* tend, in England, to be dismissed with a patronizing judgment, often by people who are obviously nothing like as sensitive, witty and informed as he is, and there must be some reason for it.

One explanation springs to mind at once. Mr. Connolly makes his living as a critic, but his criticism has about it a continual air of pushing against the closed door that leads into imaginative writing. He is the exact opposite of the man who says, "I am a critic and proud of it." Mr. Connolly's attitude, by contrast, is fairly summed up in a sentence from the recently reissued *Enemies of Promise* (1938), "Since I was unable to write in any living language when I left Eton I was already on the way to becoming a critic." The role for which he has cast himself, and for which we constantly see him applying the greasepaint, is that of the Failed Writer. That same passage goes on:

> "My ambition was to be a poet but I could not succeed when poetry was immersed in the Georgian or neo-Tennysonian tradition. I could but have imitated Housman, Flecker, Brooke, de la Mare or Ralph Hodgson. By the time Eliot and Valéry came to save my generation from the romantic dragon it had already devoured me. I was however well-grounded enough to become a critic and drifted into it through unemployability."

Clearly enough, this kind of talk is intensely irritating to a High Priest of criticism, such as F. R. Leavis. Nor is it likely to go down well with the American New Critics. A critic who talks in this way about criticism is held, rightly or wrongly, to be undermining the basic position of his craft.

Another reason why snide remarks about Mr. Connolly come so easily to some people's lips is that he is, for the very reason I have just given, popular and admired among people who are the enemies of genuine discrimination and hard thinking. Like Lord David Cecil, he is to some extent a victim of the sort of people who read him. It takes a certain amount of courage, in "serious" literary circles here in England, to admit to an admiration of Mr. Connolly's work, because to do so is to line oneself up with a vacuous and modish fringe of the literary world, obnoxious to any genuine reader or writer. Most writers who are popular are liked for the wrong reasons, and Mr. Connolly is popular because he makes epigrams and comes out with dashing judgments. "*Howard's End*, written in 1910, introduces the first postwar young highbrow, with a postwar name (Sebastian), and a simplified form of writing in full revolt against Henry James." Apart from the dubious piece of causal reasoning here, there is no character named Sebastian in *Howard's End;* Mr. Connolly must have been thinking of Leonard Bast. But his readers, the kind of readers who take him as a weekly oracle, were unlikely to raise this kind of objection. Mr. Connolly has gone on reprinting this sentence down through the years (it is in the present volume on p. 292), and nobody has jogged his elbow; he doesn't, it seems, get the one basic privilege of every critic – an attentive audience.

There are, however, important things to be said on the credit side. To begin with, Mr. Connolly is undeniably sin-



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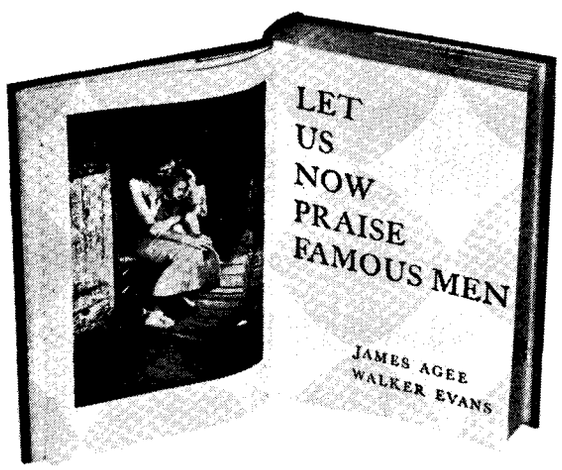


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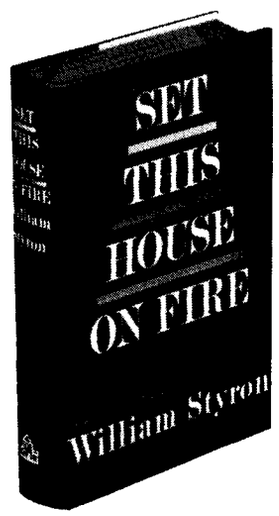


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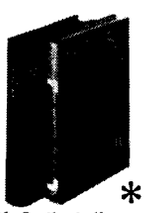

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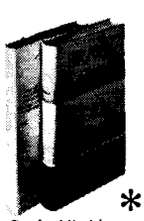

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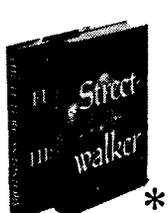


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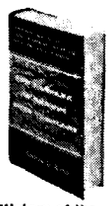

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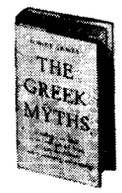


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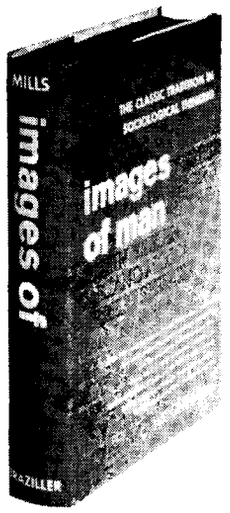

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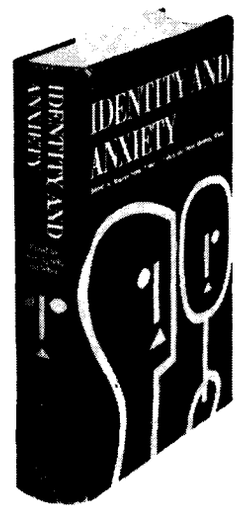

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cere in taking up the stance of the Failed Writer. As a young man, he wrote a fresh and amazing novel, *The Rock Pool*, and there are passages in all his later books that could only have come from an original writer, one whose mind really does work differently from that of the pure (not "mere") critic. He is not, in other words, merely saying "I could have been a writer if . . . ," without producing any evidence: the evidence is solidly there. And the standard by which he judged himself to have "failed" is the highest one:

> "The more books we read, the sooner we perceive that the true function of a writer is to produce a masterpiece and that no other task is of any consequence. Obvious though this should be, how few writers will admit it, or having made the admission, will be prepared to lay aside the piece of iridescent mediocrity on which they have embarked! Writers always hope that their next book is going to be their best, for they will not acknowledge that it is their present way of life which prevents them from ever creating anything different or better."

All of Connolly's more sustained writing – everything above the level of the 800-word review – tends to gravitate toward this theme of the writer who is hampered by the kind of life he finds himself living. Over twenty years ago he gave us *Enemies of Promise*, a critical survey of the factors working against the emergence of talent; and one-third of the book, logically enough, was devoted to an account of his own education and upbringing, to show how the springs of imagination were silted over in his own case.

*Enemies of Promise* was a success, and yet it also met with a harsh, contemptuous reception in some quarters, for this was the epoch of reformist zeal, the Spanish War and the Popular Front, and no one had time for an Etonian's lament over the trampled flower of his genius. "Were I to deduce any system from my feelings on leaving Eton," ran a much quoted passage,

> "it might be called *The Theory of Permanent Adolescence*. It is the theory that the experience undergone by boys at the great public schools, their glories and disappointments, are so intense as to dominate their lives and to arrest their development."

Still, *Enemies of Promise* does not quite make its case. One feels that to say, "I couldn't be a poet because the romantic dragon swallowed me while I was still at school," is to give up a little too easily. The Failed Writer doesn't convince us that he has really tried. I suspect that Mr. Connolly may have felt this himself, because a bare half-dozen years after *Enemies of Promise* he tackled the same theme much more resolutely in *The Unquiet Grave*. Here, the problems of the writer are seen as part of the whole predicament of modern man, the argument goes much deeper, and the passion which infuses the whole book raises it to the level of a work of real literary art:

> ". . . Even as obscure poisons, foci of infection, septic teeth and germ-crowded colons play a part in the origins of insanity, so do slums, great cities, proletarian poverty and bourgeois boredom, or tyrannies of family and herd contribute to obscure our sense of union with the physical world. 'The misery of mankind is manifold' and breeds everywhere the despair, fear, hate and destruction which ulcerate our peace. Nature is banished from our civilization, the seasons lose their rhythm, the fruits of the earth their savor, the animals, co-heirs of our planet, are wantonly exterminated, the God within us is denied, and the God without. Wisdom and serenity become treasures to be concealed, and happiness a lost art. Resentment triumphs; the frustrated 'Have-nots' massacre the 'Haves'. We are in fact within sight of achieving a world neurosis, a world in which atrophy of the instincts (except that of herd-slaughter), abuse of the intellect, and perversion of the heart will obliterate our knowledge of the purpose of life: humanity will choke in its own bile. . . . When once we have discovered how pain and suffering diminish the personality, and how joy alone increases it, then the morbid attraction which is felt for evil, pain and abnormality will have lost its power."

Gone is the mere self-pity, the tendency to blame schooldays or the literary fashions of twenty years before. The book has a genuinely tragic element because the author convinces us of his passionate belief in art and also of his despair, his conviction that the world has wandered away from health and sanity and therefore necessarily from

## *The Vials*

Who would guess she wept each regnant hour
Now that vials in a reach of sun
Crazily dismiss each gold tick-tock
And gather up a dozen spears of light

To such a gleam of ancient hardihood?
Not he who comes in scarcely to remark
A row of bottles, stops, and fully stares
Amazed at the cool grit of all those oils.

Friendly enough for snake-eyes, nearly a smile,
How steadily they invite a slow approach:
Yet when he goes up, touching, as if to choose
Which is the Chimera that bares and keeps,

Of those some-at-able glows, the comeliest –
All swiftly die. While she as softly laughs,
Whether or not she turns, at the way he stands
And studies that open secret against his will.

Frederick Bock



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art, which demands both vision and confidence.

There is nothing frivolous or hedonistic about such a view, and indeed Mr. Connolly's position is not so different from that of a severe, entrenched Puritan like Dr. Leavis. For Leavis, too, holds that great art can only arise under conditions that make for spiritual health, and when it comes to damning the modern world it would be hard to choose between them.

"On the one hand there is the enormous technical complexity of civilization, a complexity that could be dealt with only by an answering efficiency of coordination – a cooperative concentration of knowledge, understanding and will (and 'understanding' means not merely a grasp of intricacies, but a perceptive wisdom about ends). On the other hand, the social and cultural disintegration that has accompanied the development of the inhumanly complex machinery is destroying what should have controlled the working. It is as if society, in so complicating and extending the machinery of organization, had incurred a progressive debility of consciousness and the powers of coordination and control – had lost intelligence, memory and moral purpose."

That is Leavis on modern society (in *Education and the University,* which came out in the same year as *The Unquiet Grave);* and, behind Leavis' condemnation of most of what has passed for English literature in his time, there lies this steady dissent from the whole drift of modern civilization.

It would be fanciful to push the assimilation much further, but since Leavis and Connolly are generally supposed to represent the two opposite poles in contemporary English criticism it is just worth pointing out how much they have in common. Leavis' distrust of the modern world has led him into his well-known hardness to please; he would certainly agree that "the true function of a writer is to produce a masterpiece." Mr. Connolly, ultimately, is just as hard to please; he is always telling us that the game is up, that no good work can possibly be done any more. After ten years of editing *Horizon,* he wound it up with an editorial which declared, "It is closing time in the gardens of the West and from now on an artist will be judged only by the resonance of his solitude or the quality of his despair." The difference is that the one says it with a tear, the other with a frown; Mr. Connolly genuinely regrets that the game is up and only wishes that the writers of his own time *could* rise to the true heights; whereas Dr. Leavis too often gives the impression of a man refusing, with tightened lips and cold eyes, to be taken in by a clumsy confidence trick; he seems to think that writers publish bad books simply in order to annoy *him.*

I personally do not find that either of these critics make my flesh creep. Of course the world is in a horrible mess, but to deduce from that fact there cannot ever again be great literary art is too much of a jump; as long as the West can keep its political liberty, there is always a chance. And if the greatest heights do, for one reason and another, remain out of reach, we shall just have to write as well as we can, and keep our spirits up, without too much agonizing. The fifties in England have not been a decade studded with masterpieces, but they have shown a great deal of activity; the English novel has been given a fresh impetus and so has English poetry; the theater is more alive than it has been for 100 years; important works have appeared in the spheres of history, biography and criticism. Mr. Connolly wanders about the garden of the West, shouting "All out!" and ringing his little bell, but no one seems to hear him.

I am not saying that "time" has "proved him wrong," or anything so high-flying; only that the gardens of the West are still demonstrably open. It would take a very determined pessimist to say that he detected no sign of life, no promise for the future, in the whole mass of work produced by – to dash down a few representative names – William Golding, Iris Murdoch, Kingsley Amis, John Osborne, Harold Pinter, Philip Larkin. And that is to confine oneself to England, and to writers who had published nothing before 1950.

Dr. Leavis, I understand, reacts to the newer writers by a simple refusal to read them. But then Mr. Connolly, in a gentler way, also gives the impression of having given up. Since the demise of *Horizon,* he appears to have done very little except for his weekly column in the *Sunday Times,* and even there he evidently makes it a policy to avoid reviewing any but the most marginal books. He seems, in his fifties, to be seeking an honorable retirement.

There may, of course, be more than one reason for this. For one thing, the writing most characteristic of the past ten years has not been such as Mr. Connolly most readily enjoys. He likes best the Augustan age in Rome, its recreation in England and France from about 1660 to 1740, and (possibly as a counterbalancing opposite) the heyday of European romanticism from 1770 to 1850. The newer English authors he probably finds too raw, too self-sufficient; they are apt to cut lose from the past and spin from within themselves the material for a new start.

Not that Mr. Connolly can blame them for this. In 1944 he gave it as his opinion that the novel was played out. "Flaubert, Henry James, Proust, Joyce and Virginia Woolf have finished off the novel. Now all will have to be reinvented as from the beginning." But when the reinventing was done, Mr. Connolly was not among those who cheered; and for an evident reason. The result was too conservative, not experimental enough. Just as he had predicted, a generation of writers appeared who did not try to continue the work of James, Proust, Joyce *et al.* (And with regard to Virginia Woolf, they were

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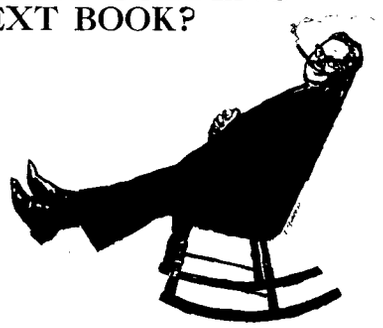

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openly skeptical, inclining to the view that *that* particular tip had been a mistake.)

Older models, neglected for a century, were reverted to. A knockabout realist like Smollet became more of an "influence" than Proust. Mr. Amis, the most widely admired new writer of the 'fifties, wrote straightforward comedy of manners that would not have seemed unfamiliar to Fanny Burney.

It is here that we circle back to the Etonian chapter in *Enemies of Promise* and see the effect on Mr. Connolly of his education. Eton seems to have given him a sense of ripeness, of the completeness of a culture to which nothing could ever be added. "My favorite books [of the Old Testament] were Ecclesiastes and the Wisdom of Solomon in which I recognized the melancholy and tired distinction of an old race." Dangerous recognition for a boy of eighteen! To this day Mr. Connolly's favorite writers are all those who show an understanding of the historical process that has brought certain qualities to fulness and held back others. "Though Virgil and Horace copied Greek models," he writes in *The Unquiet Grave*, "they imitated them at a time when the flowering of Roman civilization demanded just such a refinement, a taking over of the trusteeship of the past by the swelling Latin genius. In that sense every writer refashions the literature of the past and produces his tiny commentary, nothing is ever quite new; but there comes a moment when a whole culture ripens and prepares to make its own versions of the great art of its predecessors."

Notice the words here which remind one of the life-cycle of fruit and vegetables: "the *swelling* Latin genius," "a whole culture *ripens*." Probably if Mr. Connolly had to find a metaphor descriptive of present-day English writing, he would call it green, sour, productive only of "berries harsh and crude." And in fact there is a sense in which all English literature seems to him rough, unripe, the produce of an ungainly people "bent resolutely on wringing lilies from the corn." He has a deep, instinctive affinity with the Mediterranean peoples. The maturity and poise of the great sun-drenched cultures, beginning with Greece and Rome and going on to present-day France and Spain, are always present in his mind as a contrast to the more rugged virtues of the English imagination. Neither the life nor the literature of England really satisfies him. In this respect he resembles Lawrence Durrell, another Irishman and a man of about the same generation; Durrell spent the first few years of his life in India, coming to England only to go to school, and the hot sun, strong colors and midday languor of India have evidently stayed in his bones, making England depressing to him with its cool, rain-washed landscape and misty emotions. The result: a life spent mainly abroad, on the shores of the Mediterranean, and *The Alexandria Quartet*. In Mr. Connolly's case, one is not surprised to hear, there was a similar exposure to the sun in early life, when his father's regiment was ordered to South Africa. "The freezias grew wild in the grass and those long thin stems with their wayward creamy blossom, and their fragrance, so strangely fresh and yet sophisticated, were my first clue to the vast riches of the universe . . . there were chameleons in the garden and squashed apricots; on Sundays the Regiment had church parades and there were smells of pine and eucalyptus paint blisters and hot tar." So, after all, Mr. Connolly's aesthetic sensibilities are one of the by-products of the Boer War. A strange thought!

But in the end, of course, we come back to Eton. It is never wise to develop a boy's intelligence as if under glass. Most English public schools are in no danger of doing this; they are simply places where a boy learns to take cold baths and floggings; but Eton has always lavished the resources of a superb humanistic tradition on its more forward pupils, making them free of a full-blown, sophisticated literary culture that either sinks them altogether or, if they manage to survive and become writers, gives them that characteristic Etonian brilliance, a kind of shimmer on the surface of everything they write. Fielding, Gray and Shelley have it; so do quite a number of minor writers like Dolben, Swinburne and Bridges; Mr. Connolly has it very markedly.

Too markedly, that is the trouble. The over-sated quality that marked his literary sensibilities as an Eton schoolboy was already a danger-sign. Oxford, which seemed to him merely an anti-climax ("The world of matey young men with their pipes and gray bags, the blokeries to which we had been allotted, filled us with despair") was not enough of a change; it did not even take him out of the relaxing, dream-inducing climate of the Thames Valley. Cambridge (either Cambridgeshire or Massachusetts) would have been better.

So it is, I think, an excellent thing for American readers to have *Enemies of Promise* as a paperback; after twenty-odd years the book still leads us authoritatively into its own world. And after all, these notes on Mr. Connolly are not intended as an obituary. He may seem, at present, to have withdrawn from anything like an active part in the struggle to maintain quality; but he still has energy, and knowledge, and above all he has generosity. He may yet surprise us.

# *Middleman in Mid-Career*

*by Elizabeth Monroe*

Gamal Abdel Nasser, president and dictator of Egypt, is just the age of John F. Kennedy – born in 1918, now in his prime, and with years of power ahead.

*The Boss*
*The Story of Gamal Abdel Nasser*
By Robert St. John
(McGraw Hill; $5.95)

But in Nasser's case there are also eight years of power behind, and during them, he has made enemies. Men as diverse as Sir Anthony Eden, Qassem of Iraq, David Ben-Gurion of Israel and King Hussein of Jordan have called him names that include "Nazi"; there are signs that he is going to be dragged in, under this head, when the Eichmann case opens in Israel in March. It is therefore opportune to learn what he is really like – a job which calls for more data than most people possess.

Mr. Robert St. John is a practised hand at lives of the living, and of the kind of living that figure on the cover of *Time*.



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He writes these with the aim of drawing a marketable and so a good likeness, and his technique is to do his work in the country of his hero's origin. Here he reckons to see everyone from aged fathers to peasant cousins, sycophants, adversaries and non-partisan outsiders such as United States diplomats and pressmen. Writing in a highly popular style (for instance, producing a wealth of conversation on occasions when neither he nor his informant can have been there) he has "done" Ben-Gurion and now tackles Nasser. His advantage is that he brings a fresh mind to the subject; and his assessment, though painted in poster colors that will be too bright for some tastes, leaves us with a different, more interesting and more perspicacious portrait than do some of the less popular but more biased books now on the stands.

Leaving aside the considerable space devoted to romantic detail about a poor-boy-made-good, a dictator's automobile bought on time, and a wife who asks no questions and loves a surprise evening at a movie, the book finds room for at least three Nassers. The first, and the most successful in human and political terms, is the people's idol who put an end to Egypt's decades of subservience to Britain. Here is the anti-imperialist victor whose smile flashes from walls and stickers, and the key word of whose success is dignity – the restored dignity of the Pharaohs and Saladin. The second Nasser, also a successful figure, is the apostle of neutralism. Here is the skilled negotiator who has the better of both East and West, accepting MIGs with one hand and dollars with the other, visits with Khrushchev one week and Eugene Black the next, gets something from each but gives preference to neither. The third is a less triumphant figure.

In 1953, a year after the Egyptian revolution and a year before Nasser eased out Naguib, he published, with the help of an able ghost-writer, a book called *The Philosophy of the Revolution*. (Its American edition, renamed *Egypt's Liberation*, came out in Washington in 1955). In this he describes three circles crying out for a leader, and in which he believes Egypt to be destined to take the lead. The first is an all-Arab circle of 55 million inhabitants; the second is Africa, population 224 million; the third is the Islamic world, population 420 million. Even in the first, Nasser is far from obtaining a hundred percent success, since he is at loggerheads with Iraq, Tunisia and Jordan; in the second, presidents in Africa south of the Sahara are showing themselves just as keen to lead as he; he has not even started on the third, having quareled even with the Moslem Brotherhood inside Egypt.

Mr. St. John is frank and often penetrating about the snags that have held up these plans. By far the biggest is not Nasser's fault, and is the difficulty – even impossibility – of converting Egypt into the model state that would evoke admiration from circles two and three. Nasser's tragedy is that, given his deep concern for social welfare, he was born into a country without scope for creating this quickly; his development might have been different had he been endowed with the economic and demographic potentialities of, say, Iran or Iraq. Instead, Egypt's birth rate is such that he faces "the certainty that by the time the Aswan Dam is completed the land it rescues from the desert will just about feed the increase in the population." Another snag, also pinpointed, is the quickness of his tongue. Although he sometimes preaches calm, he does not always practice it because "reacting is as necessary for him as breathing." Indiscriminately, he reacts against critics – whether Khrushchev or Mao or King Saud or Qassem. He does not see value in consistency. The examples of Nehru, Ataturk and even Tito suggest that, while revolutionaries must show temper in order to provoke revolution and carry it through, they need to assume a more even and predictable demeanor once in power. Nasser has as yet behaved too unevenly to make real friends or to acquire lasting influence outside the Arab world. For instance, he never makes the kind of points or observations that would weigh with statesmen, or would cause them to think afresh, on matters unconnected with his own area. In this, Nehru is different, but Nehru is also older in experience.

How important is Nasser? Admittedly, he runs a police state; nominates a stooge parliament; employs ex-Hitlerites to advise on propaganda and on economic planning, and is more anti-Jewish than he was in the early days when he used to attend synagogue to


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be with his Jewish fellow-citizens; but all this does not add up to being a Nazi in the sense that Nazis are a menace to world peace. "Foreign critics often compare him to Hitler or Mussolini yet he has none of the personal qualities of either." And when Mr. St. John comes to look into some of his practices, it turns out that many of his ex-Hitlerite employees date from Farouk's day, and were taken on because of what a current Egyptian periodical calls a "healthy Arab liking" for the nation that was thought to be Britain's chief enemy.

The events that the book describes suggest that negative success – the ejection of the British – has brought popular acclaim, but that this is not permanently endorsed in Arab government circles unless it is followed by other successes. It is easier to win than to hold, because to hold it entails building up a new position and influence for Egypt. This has not yet been done; Egypt's importance remains geographical, and geography alone never made a country great. In eight years, its dictator has traveled far and successfully as a revolutionary, as a statesman, he is still only on the threshold of a great career.

# *Snow from a Dead Sky*

*by John Updike*

When I had finished reading this big book, I closed it, and looked at the back, and my tired eyes, without my willing it, went out of focus, placing, to the right of Aiken's face and slightly lower, a dimmer duplicate. Eerily, this secondary image, though less sharp, seemed more *real* than the image it echoed. The shadows around the mouth called into relief muscles potentially expressive of humor and wrath; the cheekbones and eyelids seemed curved and

*The Collected Short Stories of Conrad Aiken*
(World; $6)

tactile; the hornrim spectacles perched forward dimensionally on the stout, white, pugnacious nose. The photograph was just a photograph, but the photograph's ghost was a man – a man who, when I tried to study him closely, of course vanished. And I wondered if these 41 stories might best have been viewed, by some hypnotic relaxation of the cerebrum, in the same way; for their truth, seems to exist, invisibly, to one side of their vivid surfaces.

Love and death, those two organic imperatives, are Aiken's all but exclusive subjects. The stories about death – conceived as an ethereal incoherence bombarding our humanity from all sides – are the more strikingly original, and account for his reputation as a teller of sophisticated shudder stories. But he is poles removed from a spookmonger like H. P. Lovecraft; the horror of Aiken's fiction lies not in the possibility that other worlds exist but in the certainty that they do not. The cosmic vacuity, the central *nihil* haunts him; "the great white light of annihilation" illuminates his scenes and to an extent bleaches them. In retrospect many of his stories seem black-and-white film clips from the twenties and thirties. His characters wake from comic dreams and, singing empty little snatches of song to themselves, move through a world crowded with ticking clocks and seething snow and visual details ("dead matches, a rusty horse-chestnut burr, a small concentration of eggshell, a streak of yellow sawdust which had been wet and now was dry and congealed, a brown pebble, and a broken feather") observed with an intensity befitting an insane universe. Aiken's world is so morally insubstantial that hallucinations effortlessly permeate it. In his famous "Silent Snow, Secret Snow," thickening snow becomes the sensible manifestation of an uncaused apathy which closes over a young boy and lures him to death. In "Mr. Arcularis" – a superb fantasy that must be read to be believed – a shipboard romance, rumbling engines, the threat of icebergs, fog, a coffin in the hold, and a sleepwalking exploration of the frozen stars give body and form to a man's progress toward death on an operating table.

"The fair page of the world, thus reset, becomes a brilliant but meaningless jumble of typographical errors"– this from "Gehenna," Aiken's most concentrated and dense explication of a "world of which the only tenable principle is horror." The horror is not Hitlerian but Einsteinian; crime seldom and war never intrude in these stories, but the interstellar gulfs, the chasms in subjectivity, and the atomic near-void are translated into sensual acrophobia. His compulsion to give shapelessness shape does generate, by backwards thrust, a kind of supernaturalism. "The Disciple," more than any other American story I have read, breathes life into Christianity in its guise as local European folklore; Judas and the Eternal Jew meet and talk in an atmosphere supercharged *à la* Isak Dinesen and Dostoevsky. But in the end, Aiken himself backs away, leaving the reader suspended between realities and doubtful of the author's good faith. Metaphysical fantasy, lacking the conviction of delirium, subsides into allegorical gossip; "Smith and Jones," for instance, reminded me too much of those dental pamphlets in which Irving Incisor and Max Molar debate fluoridation. Perhaps, indeed, Death (as opposed to dying, which is a species of living) is a better subject for meditation than for fiction, since it is, however conceived, unknowable, and emotional effects aimed from one conception of it can too easily, by a slight shift of philosophy, be evaded.

I found myself more affected, on the whole, by Aiken's stories of love. He moves with ease in the swimming minds of women willing to fall in love ("Bring, Bring," "All, All Wasted"); he tastes the uncanny innocence of promiscuity ("Thistledown," "West End"); he conveys, in the tiny interval before the spangled curtain of good taste descends, a strong sexual flavor – "Tom took her gloved hand, inserted his finger in the opening, and stroked her palm. A delicious feeling of weakness, dissolution, came over her." Not that, under the skies of heavenly apathy, seduction is either very difficult or very rewarding. "We came together as naturally as leaf touches leaf or the grass bends to the wind," one adulterer says. In "Hey, Taxi," a cabdriver and a girlish tramp drift into each other's arms like two snowflakes in the universal descent of fatigue. Such energy as is needed, the women provide; their aggression can be



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monstrous ("Spider, Spider"). But men are feeble beasts, preoccupied with themselves and their wives, and they send their mistresses alone into howling trolley cars ("The Night Before Prohibition"), betray them to satyrs ("Thistledown"), and begrudge them even the present of a dollar print ("Field of Flowers"). Small wonder, since boredom and abuse invariably follow the scattering of the pollen, that the most moving and ecstatic of these love-stories are those in which nothing – physically speaking – happens. The flower opens, the bee hovers, and that is all. In "Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!" an Irish maid and a young architect exchange one kiss. In "Your Obituary, Well Written," nothing is exchanged but some childhood memories about the rain. It *is* well-written; the poet trembles up out of the prose and the page is solid with sensation. Aiken is impressive when he snows, but delicious when he rains; I wish that somehow the climate had permitted him to rain more.

So as not to end on a damp note: in addition to stories already mentioned I especially admired "State of Mind," an Occidental *koan;* "I Love You Very Dearly," a letter of fatherly advice from an expatriate roué; "The Dark City," which makes happy domestic life seem rich and terrible with mystery; "Strange Moonlight," which does the same for childhood; the Gogolian humor of "The Necktie"; the Mack Sennett humor of "The Moment,"; "Fly Away Ladybird," swift and clean as an arrow; and "Life Isn't a Short Story" and "The Orange Moth," which deal with that most unpromising of subjects, trying to write.

# *The End of Protestant Politics*

*by William Lee Miller*

What with Kennedy's victory, 1960 will make a nice round-numbered year for future historians to name as the end of something-or-other having to do with Protestantism and America. In this year, important for future discussion of Protestantism's role in American public life, there appears this book about its role in the recent past. It helps one to understand the thing – whatever it is – that is ending.

But there is much more in the book than that. Some of the background both of the responsible and of the irresponsible activity by Protestants with respect to Kennedy's candidacy is here, but it is a good book in part because it goes beneath such surface politics not only to the social philosophies but also to the theologies to which they are more or less connected.

*The Protestant Search for Political Realism 1919-1941*
by Donald B. Meyer
(California; $6.75)

Works on American religious history have not ordinarily been very thoughtful, but this one is thoughtful almost – if such a thing can ever be – to a fault. If this book is to be criticized, one might say that it is an oversubtle phenomenon. One sometimes has the uneasy feeling that Mr. Meyer may have put in more intellectual man-hours examining the thought of his subjects than they put in in producing the thought in the first place. There is a more serious treatment of the inter-war political thinking of such figures as Harry Ward, Kirby Page, A. J. Muste, Sherwood Eddy, E. Stanley Jones, and – as Robert Benchley would say – their ilk, than a less patient and fair-minded person would have thought that they required. How much of the almost comic ancient politics of the Protestant journal, *The Christian Century* – with its endless sentimental moralizing, coming out after agonized discussion always in support of the Republican Party – does one want to know about? Mr. Meyer examines long-forgotten political and social action of the Protestant churches with a seriousness and intricacy one is not sure it always deserves. But, then, on the other hand, he does it with economy, he does it very well, and he does it not only for the record but also for a purpose: to understand the developing logic of the social gospel. The result, one must admit, is a significant book, easily better (though more vulnerable) than the two other more conventional books that have recently come out covering roughly the same material.

The book was originally a doctoral thesis written at that institution in Cambridge referred to recently in a Los Angeles speech by one of its graduates, Senator Kennedy, as "the University of Southern California of the East." It was written under Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., whose interests one can detect. But Mr. Meyer, apparently, is not quite the semi-Niebuhrian secular New Dealer; the first location of his interest is in religious development not political effect. The New Deal, in fact, appears in this book in a very curious role: as a historical frustration of the theological education of Americans. By its success, by preserving old liberal optimisms, it prevented the full facing of the "harsh realities" of the 20th Century and of the awareness of a fundamental homelessness, that neo-orthodoxy – says Mr. Meyer – requires.

Seen from present perspectives, the early leaders of the Social Gospel Movement represent less a break with than a continuation of older American Protestant themes. The whole tradition emphasized moral will; the social gospel was the final extension of moral will out toward the remaking of society. Much of the tradition since the early 19th Century had been perfectionist.

Almost as much as the individualistic evangelicals, the reformers held as the

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social ideal the middle-class small-town culture in which Protestantism itself had flourished. Their visions of the new society were – unconsciously – that of such a culture writ large. Where conservative Protestantism sought to protect and preserve that culture, progressive Protestantism sought to perfect and universalize it. In response to the emerging industrial society, Protestant reformism not only implicitly assumed a kind of harmonious bourgeois small town world as the end result of the reform, but also identified this objective with the essence of American society. Then there was a further step: the American society so understood was thought to be a qualitatively different and better society, a more righteous nation, than others.

Politically liberal Protestants once made these identifications, in their way, almost as strongly as the conservatives: Protestantism equals Middletown equals America equals the ideal society. This deep, unconscious amalgam may help to explain, even in 1960, the Protestant resistance to a Catholic President. However – to digress on that point for a moment – it is notable that by 1960 the strength of that opposition had been pretty well confined (after a struggle and not completely) to fundamentalist and conservative groups untouched by the social gospel. In earlier years that would not have been true. For the nonfundamentalists, something had intervened to begin self-criticism and start the breakup of the old unquestioning identification with the culture.

In 1919, when this book begins, the identification was rather solid. There was a moment of hope then after the war when all the old prewar certainties and anticipations came back, full strength. Then it quickly broke up under the pressure of events. No group in society emerged as an adequate bearer of the liberal's "passion" to make the perfect society complete and real: not the business community, not the labor movement, and not the church itself. The Social Gospel Movement broke into fragments, with a tiny Stalinist (or rather mystically radical) wing, a larger pacifist sect, and a still larger and vaguer middle falling back on a romantic hope about the church and the society.

Into this situation came two shocks, the depression and Reinhold Niebuhr, followed at the end of Mr. Meyer's story by a third: war. These shocks almost ended the Protestant politics (or nonpolitics) based on an assumed identity between Protestant middle class ethos and national culture. Maybe, extending the story, we may surmise that 1960 will be a final blow.

Mr. Meyer rightly sees Mr. Niebuhr to be at once the greatest exponent and the greatest critic of the social gospel in America. He shows how Niebuhr's thought emerged against the background of the decline of the social gospel and moved gradually to the criticisms not only of the social outlook of the liberal past, but also of its theological foundations. He not only sets Niebuhr's political realism against what he calls and well describes as "the nonpolitics of hope" of the liberal; he also and more fundamentally sets the neo-orthodox understanding of man as sinner against the old liberal picture of the progressively evolving potentially good and always plastic man.

In recounting all this, Mr. Meyer is by no means an uncritical Niebuhrian. In fact, when he insists on describing Niebuhr's present position as that of "the conservatism of Burke and Augustine," one wonders whether he quite understands him (Niebuhr characteristically has criticisms of conservatism, and of Burke and even Augustine, as of everyone else; they each symbolize, in different ways, only part of his always "dialectical" thinking). Mr. Meyer exhumes many dead positions and paragraphs from Niebuhr's past that the victim might have preferred to have left buried; sometimes we are following Mr. Niebuhr's 25-year-old politics month by month. (One of the penalties for publishing everything one thinks, as has been Mr. Niebuhr's brave practice, is to have all these graduate students a generation later come along and score points against it.) Mr. Meyer shows, as others have also shown, what now appears to be Mr. Niebuhr's inadequate recognition of the pragmatic virtues of Roosevelt and the New Deal. But Mr. Meyer has other, and for his purposes more important, criticisms of Niebuhr (with whom he is probably in fundamental sympathy). One is that Niebuhr's work does not offer much that is positive or constructive for the "religiously burdened will" to latch onto, in contrast to the "holy image of America" of the older Protestants. The other is that (like all the social gospel tradition) Niebuhr is overconcentrated on politics.

In making that last criticism, Mr. Meyer is very much in accord with an inclination of contemporary Protestant intellectual life. There is a considerable desire for something more "personal" than the great impersonal abstractions and structures of politics and economics. Where religion extends out into life, many now feel, it should connect not primarily with politics and economics, but with (Mr. Meyer's words) "the broader field of culture and the deeper field of the self." To my mind, the trouble with this may be that, despite the desire to "be deep" and critical, this inclination may fit all too well with the passive, inward-turning, antipolitical spirit now growing in strength.

Mr. Meyer refers often to Paul Tillich. (I know nothing about his actual intellectual debts and connections, but just from reading this book I would surmise a nice Harvard combination, about one part Schlesinger, one part Tillich, one part Louis Harz.) Especially in a short epilogue discussing the developments since the second war he expresses a desire for a Tillichian theology of culture: for the relating of religion constructively to art, literature, psychoanalysis, et al., where a "heroic passion," "dangerous" in politics, might find more adequate expression. This desire is now one wing of advanced Protestant thought; the other main wing, the Barthian, more churchly and biblical – though differing in theology – nevertheless shares in the relative withdrawal from politics. Thus there may be an end to Protestant politics in a second and quite different sense from the one mentioned above. Historical events and developing self-criticism may have broken the politics based on an implicitly assumed identity between Protestant ethos, the nation, and the ideal society; that is all to the good. But if the developing profundity of theology and complexity of politics have broken all efforts to connect the two (even though it must be in a new way), that is quite another matter. Where the old liberals used to make politics more simple than it is, this new group may make politics less important than it is. The question political people would ask, would be whether there was a net gain on the play.



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# *Experiment in Bronxville*

*by Christopher Jencks*

Born in 1928 the child of Freud and Dewey, Sarah Lawrence immediately exercised a seductive charm for many intellectuals, and early acquired a reputation in scholarly circles for a certain looseness of academic morals. Today she is older and apparently also wiser, accepted among the dowagers of higher learning as "one of America's leading women's colleges." *Achievement in the College Years* is therefore a pleasant reminder that despite the wrinkles visible below the old ideological make-up, Miss Lawrence will not be middle-aged for another generation.

*Achievement in the College Years*
edited by Lois B. Murphy and
Esther Raushenbush
(Harpers; $4.95)

The metaphor is certainly trite enough, but it may serve to recall the connection between the life cycle of the College and of the generation with which it came of age. Founded as an experimental progressive offshoot of Vassar, Sarah Lawrence was a symbol of hope both for those radicals who shared Dewey's hope that education might "build a new social order," and for those educators who shared Freud's view that it was fruitless to go on expecting people to be rational animals with an inherent hunger for knowledge. Of these two funds of intellectual capital, *Achievement in the College Years* draws on the second, attempting to analyze the development of late adolescents.

The essence of Sarah Lawrence's not very startling insight is that most undergraduates are people first, and scholars second (if at all). Only a minority flourish when they must adapt to the demands of the academic machine, or find themselves kept in line with required courses and grades. The majority do better when the faculty helps them discover their own problems and interests than when faced with the problems of scholars in other universities. Only after they have become intellectuals, and have learned something of the thrill and danger of using their minds, will most of these students respond to the suggestion that they should master a particular subject or research technique. Or so Sarah Lawrence seems to believe. Other colleges have reached other conclusions, assuming that the only hope of learning to think lies in exposure to the mystical "discipline" of history, physics, or fine arts, and that the only way to treat an undergraduate is as an ill-informed potential graduate student. Such colleges are primarily research factories, and they measure their success by the number of their graduates who become researchers. Whatever one thinks of the relative merits of the two goals, there can be little doubt that among girls set on marriage, and often on careers, the Sarah Lawrence scheme yields a better batting average.

Unfortunately, *Achievement in the College Years* does not attempt to measure this average, or to examine the impact of the college on society. It may be that Sarah Lawrence alumnae live out their lives in much the same fashion as any other group of girls born in the great metropolitan areas of the country into families with median incomes of $25,000. Yet the case studies in this book give the reader the impression that a remarkable number of these girls are justifying the radicals who hoped that progressive education would produce alumnae bent on changing the world. One girl after another seems to head for a career in the arts, journalism, law, medicine, or one of a host of benevolent organizations devoted to remedying the ills of the world. And in this respect these alumnae are perhaps different from the graduates of other leading women's colleges, who often seem to see their alternatives as "continuing with my subject" into graduate research, or else "giving it up" and getting married. The difference is neatly dramatized in a recent conversation between a Sarah Lawrence girl who had just spent a few days at Radcliffe, and her hosts. She commented that for girls who had all the benefits of intelligence, wealth, and a Harvard education, Radcliffe girls seemed remarkably unambitious and unidealistic. They smiled. Wasn't this rather naïve,they asked, to think that anything one girl could do might really make a difference in a world so complex as ours, where the great issues are settled by impersonal forces beyond our control? Perhaps it was naïve, but that is not a word most people would think to apply to whatever Sarah Lawrence girls they have known. Perhaps it was rather the Radcliffe girls who were naïve.

Considering the fact that professors are politically and socially the most radical element in the upper-middle class, and considering how often and bitterly they deplore their intellectual isolation, you might expect them to seize on the Sarah Lawrence example as an ideal device for spreading their outlook. They haven't. Almost to a man scholars remain convinced that the average undergraduate is an obstinate and conservative booby, whom no ingenuity can convert into an egg-head. Instead of proselytizing for intellectual values among the young, academicians have turned increasingly in the last generation to the adult world. Wastebaskets and library stacks full of learned articles testify to the energy with which this quest is pursued. And with some success. The disciplines have given scholars the only success they have ever known, and they cannot imagine that problems of adolescence could ever be as exciting, much less as rewarding, as

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the problems of the atomic nucleus or political organization.

This reluctance to heed the Sarah Lawrence example is also based on the ideological chauvinism which has arisen from a generation of conflict between "scholars" and "educationists." Urged to remember that "students learn from experience," scholars suspect that they are being invited to emulate the more appalling public schools where this slogan has provided an excuse for eliminating books from the classroom. They do not seem to realize that students who hate to read never learned anything of importance in the "good old days" either, while at Sarah Lawrence students continue to read, since books provide them their only avenue to most varieties of experience. The slogan "students learn from experience" simply means that both schools and colleges should consider not only the vicarious experiences which are normally the heart of the curriculum, but also the real experiences which are the essence of school or college life. Similarly, when scholars hear that instruction should be centered on the students' "interests," they assume that this means that a teacher should take the "baby knows best" approach of some elementary schools, catering to the pupils' every mercurial whim. At Sarah Lawrence the slogan is simply a caveat against the instructor who devotes his classes to the recondite problems of his own research, exploiting students to read books for which he has no time, or listen to lectures which must when published help him get tenure.

Still another way to avoid taking Sarah Lawrence seriously is to point out the striking number of seriously disturbed girls whom the College annually foists on the world. Maybe such girls are disturbed by the faculty's interest in their difficulties, and would get along better if left alone. Maybe the introduction of the creative arts into the curriculum encourages the forces of irrationalism, while proximity to New York allows free play to moral and social decadence. It may even be that such girls would have been better off in a traditional college where their choice of studies was dictated by the faculty instead of being determined by mutual consultation. But it seems far more likely that all these factors create a public image of the college which seems attractive to many students who need a psychiatric institution, and hope Sarah Lawrence will play this role while allowing them to go on living normal lives. From the evidence offered in *Achievement in the College Years* one might even guess that Sarah Lawrence is doing more for these girls than the majority of its competitors.

Unfortunately, there is no way to be sure. If anyone is really serious about finding out what makes a good college, the necessary research has yet to be done. We need some kind of comparative study of the alumni of various colleges, balanced against comparisons of the freshmen from whom these alumni are chosen and developed. Of course the indeterminacy principle makes such a study difficult. No two students can ever be exactly alike to begin with, and so you never know whether differences after graduation stem from the undergraduate years or from something else. But to let this difficulty perpetuate our reliance on subjective non-random impressions and prejudices about the merits of various colleges is to compound the difficulties of nature with the stupidity of men.

# *The Endless Study*

*by M. M. duPont*

The reconstruction of a life cannot be undertaken with any nonchalance, and the life of a singular and challenging poet calls for a singular and challenging historian. Emily Dickinson, who died before any but the smallest degree of recognition was hers, now after almost seventy-five years of accumulating fame has reached her zenith in two major works by two major scholars, Jay Leyda's two-volume work, *The Years and Hours of Emily Dickinson,* and at last the (presumably) *Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson,* in one volume edited by Thomas H. Johnson. Both are awesome works. Mr. Johnson has here condensed his three-volume Variorum Edition of the poems and gives us in one volume the 1775 poems which are now considered the Dickinson canon.

*The Years and Hours of Emily Dickinson*
Compiled by Jay Leyda
(Yale; two volumes, $25)
*The Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson*
Edited by Thomas H. Johnson
(Little, Brown; $10)

In this book, because it is intended as a reading text, he selects but one form of each poem. To anyone familiar with the Variorum it will not be necessary to point out the magnitude of such a task. Nor the superlative qualifications of Mr. Johnson for the task. He is well known to the serious student of Dickinson also for his collaboration with Theodora Van Wagenen Ward on the three-volume edition of Dickinson's letters. In addition to an index of first lines, Mr. Johnson has included a subject index which will prove a benison to the Dickinson addict. For this subject index is an embryonic concordance, and a full concordance should be next on the scholars' program for releasing the glories of Dickinson's thought to an ever-widening audience.

Mr. Leyda is uniquely qualified for the prodigious task of presenting an Emily Dickinson reader, that is to say, a vast compendium of entries sometimes related to each other, but all on a calendar basis and all of them explorations into the life of the times as well as of the poet herself.

Mr. Leyda's first use of this form was in his massive two-volume documentary life of Herman Melville, which he called *The Melville Log.* The stunning *tour de force* of scholarship involved in compiling this history defies measurement. As Melville's posthumous fame increased, so equally did the mysteries and lacunae in his personal history. Mr. Leyda was able to probe and explore for the truth, by an odd expedient. He sought out and collected any and every shred of information, whether salient or trivial or in between, that had to do in any way with Melville. This program



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called for the use of such disparate sources as legal documents and hearsay, letters and gossip, records in archives and word of mouth memories, Naval and other records and diaries. Only by close reading of the entries in the volumes can the reader be fully aware of the scope and diversity of the material laid before him.

It is to our everlasting gain that Mr. Leyda has now turned his expert attention to the figure of another great American writer, the Amherst poet and philosopher, whose world was circumscribed geographically in her lifetime but whose dimensions since her death in 1886 have increased immeasurably. Nor do these two masterpieces of scholarship under review put any boundary to her scope. On the contrary, here, as in the *Melville Log*, the author has indicated many avenues of approach in the future for a fuller knowledge of his subjects, and what he wrote in conclusion to his labors on Melville he could have repeated justly here for Dickinson, namely: "Perhaps this book should have been more rightly named 'The Endless Study'."

From the welter of mythology and gossip that grew slowly around Dickinson's name as she became ever more widely known, Mr. Leyda has attempted to extricate her in these volumes and "to get at the truth of ED," as he says in his introduction, "by the most factual treatment possible." Accordingly he begins with a chronology which will give the reader a good idea of the phantasmagoria of subject matter and unfamiliar names about to follow in the eight-hundred-and-more pages of text. The larger portion of the introduction is a precis indicating the coming panorama of crises and frustration, of loves and deaths and scandals, of college life and politics, as well as plenty of commonplace events. These make up the frame that encloses the New England Original we are studying. The finished work is here called an "uncritical study."

Perhaps the phrase is used because the compiler wishes merely to present the material and has no desire to weigh the evidence or evaluate all of the sources he uses, some obviously authentic, some not. Still it is hard to reconcile his objective of a "factual" approach to the truth of the subject, with his unwillingness to differentiate the sources critical-


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ly. A distinction should be cited, for instance, between reports by dependable persons and those made by ubiquitous and tireless gossips of the day.

Before the long calendar of entries begins, we are given a valuable chapter called "The People around Emily Dickinson." Here, if we pursue dated references into the text and, from names in the text, bring the indexes in both volumes into use, we see quickly what a labyrinth of detail lies ahead. The people described in this chapter, while important in one way or another to what follows, are by no means the entire cast of characters. Mr. Leyda would have done well to offer, in addition, a full alphabetical roster of names, each succinctly identified. Narrative comments used to link various entries would help considerably. They would provide unobtrusive but indispensable background, permitting the reader to proceed with no break in his concentration.

To devoted Dickinson readers, every entry in the Leyda collection will be of interest, and sometimes shockingly exciting as the panorama lights up and the characters begin to move. However, when the last cross reference is checked and the last page is turned and the little cosmography is reviewed, there will be a private yearning on the student's part to trace out the real story. Somebody ought to condense and make readable as narrative what was already history. New groupings and new perspectives would appear, especially after important pruning of adventitious material. Full texts should be restored where certain of Mr. Leyda's ellipses tend to alter the emphasis from major to minor in Dickinson's experience. References to full transcripts of the letters establish this again and again.

Mr. Leyda's departures from his resolve to be factual are frequent. His most surprising evasion is in identifying the recipient of three letters in draft, the so-called "Master" letters. He deposes the Reverend Charles Wadsworth, long understood to be sovereign in Dickinson's life at its most productive periods. In place of the luminous figure of Dr. Wadsworth, Mr. Leyda creates a faceless, nameless creature as the possible recipient of these intensely moving documents. But there are wells of emptiness here. And is it ever wise to ignore the absence of information, which might turn out to be of more significance than any previous facts amassed. There remains very little in Dickinson's years and hours still shrouded in mystery – only her full entente and exchange with that "Fugitive whom to know was Life."

Some historian (let us hope soon) working with the evidence at hand today and with his own intuition will be able to give verisimilitude at least to Dickinson's great love. Someone, who, like Robert Graves, is not afraid to use his historical intuition.

Whether or not Mr. Leyda has succeeded in establishing an anti-myth in this work will remain a moot point. The individual reader, deeply engaged with Dickinson, will decide for himself. "In nature," said Goethe, "we never see anything isolated, but everything in connection with something else which is before it, beside it, under it and over it." This truth is borne out by Mr. Leyda's profuse and generous collection.

## *A Gentleman of Quality*

*by Stanley Kauffmann*

In a peripheral sense the publication of Mr. Ustinov's novel is mildly good news because it proves that the Literary Amateur is not extinct. The Gentleman (or Lady) of Quality who signed his novels thus in the nineteenth century was generally of small artistic moment, but at least he signified a close relation between society and culture. A man of taste could paint a little, play an instrument, perhaps write a novel, too. The arch Literary Amateur, Disraeli, who broke the rules by creating some works of lasting interest, carried the matter to its extreme by saying, "When I want to read a good novel, I write one."

*The Loser*
by Peter Ustinov
(Atlantic-Little, Brown; $4.50)

For more than twenty years Mr. Ustinov has been an Amateur Dramatist, possibly the most successful since Vanbrugh. His plays have given the theater a certain sheen of intelligence and awareness without imposing the emotional strain of true satire. Now, after some fanfares in the story, he has published an Amateur's novel and forces us to a definition of Amateurism.

The Literary Amateur cannot be defined as a part-time writer or a practising professional in another field. (Fielding was a lawyer-magistrate, Chekhov a doctor.) It is one who conveys in his work more of a sense of "personal pleasure" (as the dictionary says) than of commitment. The artist always implies basically: "I ache to move you with this matter as I have been moved by it." The Amateur implies: "Don't I do this surprisingly well?"

Usually he does. Mr. Ustinov is polished, sometimes amusing, once in a while even affecting. But with this novel as with his plays, he makes you feel that you are spending a week-end with an extraordinarily thoughtful host who has gone to the trouble of composing a long work simply for the delectation of his guests. If the work is less than memorable, that does not detract from your host's ingenuity.

The above may lead you to infer that Mr. Ustinov's subject is amorous and social intrigue, quadrilles, secret assignations in pavilions. But his novel deals with a Nazi officer and, principally, his experience in Italy, his moral pilgrimage as a result of his murders and his infatuation with a tart. The gravity of the theme only makes the superficial deftness of the treatment more apparent. The book is obtrusively symmetrical, its insights shallow, its comments on national characteristics in the slick, quick vein of the author's popular imitations. Its chief virtue is its assurance that there is still at least one civilized man who can write a novel to please himself and his friends. But only those friends and those who refuse to miss any production whatsoever of Mr. Ustinov's will think that this novel is worth four and a half of their dollars or, more important, four and a half hours of their time.



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# Some Glory and Some Gall

*by Charles Burton Marshall*

Glory and gall were in the American cup a decade ago. The nation took alternating draughts of each in the high moment of our intervening in Korea, the retreat to the tip, the riposte at Inchon and the subsequent envelopment of the adversary, and then the debacle when the Chinese caught the forces of the United Nations Command in disarray and for a time seemed about to rout them from the peninsula.

After such ups and downs, the passion and bewilderment attending the ensuing debate over strategy and war aims were small wonder. Neither side in the Truman-MacArthur embroglio succeeded in stating its case with complete clarity. This was not all due to pride, rancor, or deviousness. The principals were up against grand strategic problems of strange complexity – like one who faces an operation in calculus with only the instruments of algebra at hand.

*Korea and the Fall of MacArthur*
by Trumbull Higgins
(Oxford; $5)

Trumbull Higgins, a military historian well remembered for his *Winston Churchill and the Second Front*, brings a high order of analysis to the nation's first full encounter with the sophisticated dilemmas of grand strategy. His *Korea and the Fall of MacArthur* deserve high marks for scope, precision, and economy of language.

It is subtitled *A Precis in Limited War.* The phrase "limited war" and its antonym "unlimited war" cluttered and confused the great 1951 debate following the bouncing of MacArthur. The terms can foul up any discussion of strategy, especially that loose phrase "unlimited war." No unlimited war ever has been or will be fought. There are only different kinds of limited wars.

The phenomenon of war – to venture an amateur's awkward definition – occurs when adversary political societies or groups of such, disposing armed forces, seek to resolve conflicting purposes by acting upon each other's wills through bringing about a shift of relative capabilities for force, each side to its own advantage and to the disadvantage of the other side, and to that end, as an essential part of the process, use their armed forces to expend energy with destructive intent upon the respective adversary establishments.

Adversaries face a range of choices of aspects to restrict or expand. Or perhaps dozens of facets susceptible of restraint or enlargement, the following are implicit in the definition given: (a) numbers of political entities participating on either side; (b) purposes put in issue, (c) levels of capabilities for force generated, (d) areas chosen for destructive expenditure of energy, (e) the range of devices used therein, (f) the intensity of the expenditure, (g) amounts of material and manpower committed, (h) damage and losses incurred and inflicted, and (i) duration of the effort. The magnitudes of war – never infinite – are: Who gets in? With what aims? To what level of mobilization? Fighting where? With what kinds of weapons? How hard? With how many and how much? With what losses? How long? These questions represent interdependent variables. The multifarious correlations – obviously too many to trace out here – may be direct or inverse, depending on circumstances. It is fallaciously simple to think of making wars big or little. It is a matter of planning them big in some dimensions so that they can be small in others.

MacArthur was right in referring, after the Chinese intervention, to "an entirely new war." Both Truman and he had to take a new look at the interlocking factors. Truman's new look was taken from the standpoint of the grand strategy of our coalitions. This meant aiming for a mediated peace. To this end he elected to try for keeping maximum participation on our side and to minimize participation on the other, and accordingly to trim down war aims and restrict the theater and the weapons – all of which entailed restrictions on intensity of destructive effort, the numbers committed, and the losses on each side. MacArthur – unconcerned with the requirements of coalition, with his attention focused on the foe who had humiliated him – wished to expand the aims, the theater, and the choice of weapons at the price of reducing participants on our side and the risk of maximizing participation on the other side. His aim was victory. He uttered it with apparent precision. Actually it was a fuzzy concept in the circumstances. He led from a simple premise that greater expenditure would reap enhanced rewards, but he was not quite explicit as to just how. He was ambiguous as to restricting or expanding losses per se. He deplored them only in ratio to the restricted aims of Truman's strategy. He was willing to entail them as an accompaniment to a wider war for higher stakes and presumably of shorter duration.

Higgins makes a convincing point about the State Department's and the Pentagon's improved understanding of the interrelation of military and political considerations in strategic concepts – improved, that is, in comparison to counterpart appreciations in World War II. In retrospect Truman comes out better as a grand strategist than his proud, militarily sophisticated, insubordinate subordinate.

Yet Truman's "comparative success as a strategist constituted his failure as a

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war leader, since the path of an efficient grand strategy almost never coincides with that of public opinion." Many Republicans rallied behind MacArthur in opposing the Korean venture first because it was too large and costly or second because they wanted it hugely larger. This position had much to do with their return to power.

In this year's campaign Richard Nixon tried for more political mileage by recounting how the Eisenhower armistice ended "the war we were not allowed to win" and ushered in subsequent years of peace. As a matter of fact, the Eisenhower Administration had plenty of time to alter the pattern of the war. It considered all the MacArthur alternatives. It rejected them. Nixon did not protest. The relevant premises inherited from the preceding administration were abided by, and the vaunted armistice was based on them. That further aggressions have been stayed is due largely to a reluctance growing out of the lesson learned by the adversary in Korea. He assumed the United States would not counteract the invasion. He was wrong. He found out. The Truman Administration delivered the lesson. The Eisenhower Administration did not try to improve on it. One of the ironies of that least understood of all our wars was that so much divisiveness in rhetoric coincided with such complete agreement in practice.

# *Show and Tell: New Art Books*

*by Frank Getlein*

Even more than usually, the stress in this year's Christmas carload of art books is on showing rather than telling. There are a number of efforts to bring together a coherent account of an age or a trend, but they are minor compared to the big color splashes; these latter have their own commentaries doing a workmanlike job in the modest style formerly used by the Old Howard's tenors singing *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody;* and so far at least there is nothing at all in the intellectual class of René Huyghe's *Ideas and Images in World Art* or Ernst Gombrich's *Art and Illusion.*

In previous editions of this annual Consumer's Guide, we have traced the brief history of art books, from their early preoccupation with French Impressionism to their more recent explorations of relatively off-beat art like Byzantium and the Middle Ages. The push outward from the home-base security of Renoir and Van Gogh continues. So far, in fact, that, like Magellan, it's coming back. The season's offerings include not only handsome books on the Greeks, but others on the French.

*Greek Art,* by Raymond V. Schoder, S.J., (N. Y. Graphic, $12.50) covers the whole range of about 2,000 years, ending in the second century A.D. The 112 color plates are extraordinary in the new life they give to the most familiar Greek masterpieces – the *Victory* of Samothrace and the *Aphrodite* of Melos – and in their overall selection from museums here, in Europe and in Asia Minor, of everything from pottery to exquisite small gold work. Schoder, in addition to being an excellent color photographer, is both classicist and archeologist; the text benefits from both.

Both more extended and more concentrated are the almost 300 photos, mostly black and white, of *Greek Sculpture* (Abrams, $15) with text by Reinhard Lullies and pictures by Max Hirmer. This revised and enlarged edition of an earlier work now just about covers in total detail the subject of its title. Before your eyes the Greek craftsmen-artists rise from work remarkably similar to Celtic and Gothic ornament and even to African art, to the long series of great sculptures that are part of everyone's memory of his race.

*African Art* (Yoseloff, $9.95) itself is raised from the level of pure romance it is always in danger of, by Werner Schmalenbach's scholarly, down-to-earth text and the 150 pictures, including some color, all of which are taken with the idea of showing the object as clearly as possible. Partly because of its influence on Cubism, partly because of its ritual purposes, African art once served the mostly phony American purposes now served by Zen. It is good to have the field rescued by Schmalenbach as it was to have the same operation performed two years ago by Elisofon. The photography is neither as plentiful nor as fine as Elisofon's, but the text is comprehensive.

William C. Seitz, who did the big Monet show at the Modern last year has now put it handsomely between covers with 48 color plates, another 84 reproductions and assorted photos of the master and his locales. *Monet* (Abrams, $15) has a full biographical-critical text plus commentaries on the pictures reproduced in color. The book should kill the curious notion put out a few years back that Monet invented Abstract Expressionism. The subject isn't mentioned.

A package of real Parisian bon-bons for Christmas is *School of Paris* (N. Y. Graphic, $25) by Raymond Nacenta. Over 100 color plates follow not only the main line but also a lot of interesting branches rarely heard of over here. In addition there are close to 500 artists represented by head shots, brief biographies and black and white selections of their work over the last 50 years. The tremendous variety may prove once more that there never was a School of Paris, but whatever it was that happened there is worth knowing more about than most of us do.

*The Graphic Art of German Expressionism* by Lothar-Günther Buchheim (Universe, $25) at last does something like illustrative justice to the most important print movement of the century. There are over 400 examples in color and black and white. Because of the size of the originals and because print quality is more easily conveyed by prints than painting is, the book is in some ways the best art book of the season. Also, prints for the Germans constituted a vital means of wide communication, not, as too often with the French, a way of tapping the market that admired but could not afford to buy their paintings.

*English Stained Glass* (Abrams, $25) comes as close as possible in its 34 color plates to conveying the real quality of the material at York, Canterbury, Westminister, Oxford and Cambridge. Alfred Lammer, the photographer, has managed the luminosity; an additional 137 black and whites, convey, for example, the sequences in which the reproduced color appears. The text and comments



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are by John Baker, a practicing glass designer, who gets in a very understandable account of technique as well as appreciation and history. Sir Herbert Read gives the book his stamp of approval, but even without it, the reader can appreciate a period in which English pictorial art reached heights it has never been back to.

Latest edition to the magnificent UNESCO World Art Series is *Israel: Ancient Mosaics* (N. Y. Graphic, $18) with preface by Meyer Schapiro and introduction by Michael Avi-Yonah. The 32 extra-size color plates are selected from pavement mosaics in the area from Gaza to Galilee and the era from the conversion of Constantine to the coming of the Arabs. The material is fascinating for its primitive directness. It has neither the extreme illusionism of, say, Roman North Africa nor the hieratic splendor of Byzantium. Instead provincial artists try to depict the glory of God in the Old or New Testaments. As usual in this series, the color standards and the feeling of texture are the highest.

Far and away the finest book of photographs to be offered in a long time is *The Hudson River Valley* by John Reed (Clarkson Potter, $15). The first pictures are fall and winter where the river rises, as north as Lake Champlain; the last is a buoy beyond the Narrows, where the river disappears into the Atlantic. In between is everything – the houses and history, the shore-grasses, water traffic, geology, commerce and industry, architecture, and sheer landsweep – of what for many of us is the loveliest of rivers. Reed is a very sensitive cameraman and uses all his language, from close-up to panorama, to build a rhythm of space and time like that of the Hudson itself.

The spread of large-size art books can appropriately conclude with the new edition of René Huyghe's *Art Treasures of the Louvre* (Abrams, $17.50). The book is bigger and better all around. The color (68 plates) seems truer than the edition of ten years ago. The black and whites (48) have been improved by silhouetting and vignetting. As before academician and honorary curator-in-chief Huyghe has no trouble proving that if you had to be stranded on a desert island with only one art museum, his would be the one to pick.


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# American Mission, Redefined

*by Herman Finer*

Professor Morgenthau has a distinguished reputation as a firm "realist" in the theory and practice of world politics. In this work, he takes the stage as a political moralist. He affirms and elaborates a fervent moral view of America's purpose and duties in the world, and, with cogent argument, applies it to a judgment on the contemporary way of life of the US. The sweep of his mind is vast in its scope, taut in logic, ingenious in relating principle to action.

*The Purpose of American Politics*
by Hans J. Morgenthau
(Knopf; $4.50)

The gist of the rich and intricate pattern is this. At the foundation of the Republic, Americans were the conscious choosers of a society in which the twin ideals of Freedom and Equality were paramount, as never before in the stuffy classridden and aristocracy-dominated Old World. These ideals animated and developed a good national society, guiding it to face successive crises produced by emergent domestic and international forces, in which the Old Adam (power, inequality, the evil in men) stubbornly emerged again, only to be conquered by the strength and pristine purity of Freedom-*cum*-Equality. Every succeeding generation of Americans has been involved in such a struggle and such a triumph. The principles had and have their import as a kind of mission to Europe and to what we may call the as yet Unknown World of the Middle and Far East and Latin America.

Professor Morgenthau luminously interprets the vicissitudes of the American people in this light, to illustrate his thesis, and then turns to the anxieties and agenda of our own day. He analyses the struggle in the Alien and Sedition Laws; the emancipation of the slaves; the Know-nothings; the era of trusts and monopolies, their corruptions and oppressions; the advent of Midwestern and Western populism; the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson to a New Freedom; the loss of opportunity of economic fortune and areas of civic escapism as the old frontiers were filled up; the degradation of the cities; World War I; the Great Depression, FDR, and the creation of social security, business regulation, the development of civil rights; the limitation of immigration; the challenge to government by powerful economic groups, and the claims of society to be free from the leadership and authority of national government; the pall of materialist apathy, eupeptic and vulgar, that descended on the nation's spirit, with the forgetting of the principle of excellence in education and culture and a renewed vision of America's place in an entirely new world beyond its shores; the agonizing phases of America's emergence from its mainland: primitive isolationism, imperialism in the Caribbean and Pacific, Wilsonian crusadism, inter-war isolationism, pessimism over the revealed evil in men, the self-delusion that specific and locatable villains were the only cause of the world's troubles.

The author shifts his gaze to the tragic anxieties of the present, made all too familiar by recent popular discussions of America's national purpose and the themes of the Presidential campaign of 1960. "How can equality in freedom be achieved in America? How can the area of equality in freedom be expanded beyond the territorial limits of the United States? How can equality in freedom be offered as a model to emulate?" He expands this into six tasks: America must find a way to enable all people according to the measure of their ability to rise to their appropriate place in the economy and politics, casting down all the obstacles presented by private wealth, in a society fast changing under a new technology; it must support the bringing forth of a great culture; it is obliged to spread its ideals beyond its frontiers to the whole world, through some form of supra-national organization; its virtue will be demonstrated by its solicitude for the new nations emerging from colonial status and old ones that suffer from autocracy; it must solve the nuclear threat; it must restore democratic government in America, while defending freedom against its intrusions.

Some of his answers are supplied in detailed formulae; some not; some follow from his major premises; some could be sustained otherwise. The enterprise is valiantly executed.

It is permissible to ask some questions.

Firstly, was America, in sincerity, endowed with the twin principles, Freedom-*cum*-equality, or with something less exalted? David Potter's *People of Plenty* points to another element, the pursuit of wealth. The Declaration of Independence does not, in fact, contain any principle of public virtues, but rather, that license egoism, "life, liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

Secondly, is the problem of Presidential leadership to be solved only by the restoration of one-man leadership, the leadership abdicated by Eisenhower? Professor Morgenthau rightly condemns the excessive relinquishment of initiative to parades of committees. In my work, *The Presidency: Crisis and Regeneration*, I have raised the gravest of questions: whether it is not indispensable to try to meet modern American tasks by an elected collective executive, however good a person the President may be?

Thirdly, is it politic to criticize the American government for seeking "absolute security" in a treaty on atomic weapons? It may be. The problem is

## Notes on Contributors

John Wain *is one of the so-called "Angry Young Men" of modern British literature. His newest novel is* A Travelling Woman. Elizabeth Monroe *has toured extensively in the Middle East, and is the author of* The Mediterranean in Politics. John Updike's *newest book is* Rabbit, Run. William Lee Miller *is a member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions in Santa Barbara.* M. M. duPont *has devoted more than thirty years to a close reading of Emily Dickinson and the study of her life.* Charles Burton Marshall *is a member of the Washington Center of Foreign Policy Research and visiting professor at the University of North Carolina.* Herman Finer, *who teaches Political Science at the University of Chicago, is the author of* The Presidency: Crisis and Regeneration.



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alertly discussed, deploying the terrible element of risk for the whole world as ever more nations obtain such weapons. The problem is the degree of risk acceptable with the polities of Russia and China as parties to a treaty. What degree and through what modalities such risks might be acceptable are questions not satisfactorily answered.

Fourthly, is there not a distinct advance in Professor Morgenthau's thinking, connected with the previous question, that is of some importance? He asserts that the challenge of Russia is a "total challenge." This is markedly different from the view that Soviet foreign policy is, after all, only Tsarism up-to-date. For he now emphasizes that Communism is the driving force. He is right. But does this not vitally affect the nature of any agreement that might be negotiated on atomic weapons?

Fifthly, is it a true analysis to suggest that America did not, at propitious moments after 1945, bear down on its Allies to organize a more organic community say, than NATO (the product, he says, of military considerations alone) because it held to the principle of equality – among nations? Could America possibly have overawed either Britain or France, even with a policy of boldness and conscious purpose? These are proud nations, and their geopolitical situation in an age where they are the hosts to America's SAC and missile bases gives them considerable power to have their own way.

Sixthly, is it doing full justice to Woodrow Wilson to ascribe his assertion of democracy for all nations merely to a kind of misplaced idealism? Is it not rather that he believed that democratic governments were more likely to be peaceful because the openness of their politics and the existence of oppositions tended towards peace and the keeping of treaties? If this is so, was not Wilson supremely right?

The drive and cogency of Professor Morgenthau's argument focuses on the need for leadership in the highest places. This is to supply the content of American virtue and purpose. But this cannot be sustained on the theory (to which he seems to be partial) that the people have no right to participate in the formulation of policy, but only to consent to it when it is made. It is true that in the Eisenhower years there has been a sub-


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servience to popularity; but perhaps it is not this at all, but mere flaccidity and dithering. The theories of the "plural society" and the idea that government is merely a "broker" between groups have certainly not served America well. A new era for America and the world can dawn if the new President-elect and his successors return to the "stewardship" theories of Presidential leadership personified in men like Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and F.D.R. The people will always follow their lead if it is given in sincerity, presented with clarity, conceived in conscientiousness, and conducted with ability. Morgenthau's book maps the general pattern and justification for such a course.

## THEATER

# *Disputed Authorship*

*Period of Adjustment* by Tennessee Williams (Helen Hayes Theater)

*Hedda Gabler* by Hendrik Ibsen (Fourth Street Theater)

*Rosemary and The Alligators* by Molly Kazan (York Playhouse)

*Period of Adjustment* is a bourgeois psycho-drama written to formula by a Broadway hack insufficiently schooled in his trade. The name of Tennessee Williams has been affixed to the title page, but the play is so tedious, aimless, repetitive, and imitative – so utterly lacking in style, grace, or imaginativeness – that I have a sneaking suspicion it is really the work of an imposter. Admittedly, familiar echoes can occasionally be heard (faintly) in the circumlocutory swing of its dialogue, while its Southern setting, weird place names, and gratuitous symbolism – not to mention its mechanically sexual interpretation of every human action – are sometimes suggestive of Williams' past writings. But beyond this, I can find little internal proof to support his claims for authorship. Whatever his literary failings, Williams never bored us like this before; and while his previous work may have been extravagant, exaggerated, and absurd, it was never derivative or banal.

Well, it is now, and this suggests an imposter about whose identity future researchers will undoubtedly quarrel. One school may plump for some disciple of Arthur Miller, since the play contains a few affirmations (such as "There is dignity in the agrarian, the pastoral, way of existence! A dignity too long lost out of the American dream") which might have been yanked from the larynx of Biff Loman. Another school will hold out for a ghost writer in the tradition of William Inge, and with more significant evidence. Firstly, the play is set in the suburbs, plumbs the cavernous depths of the suburban middle-class mind, and passes as a "warm and human comedy" of marriage. Secondly, it features such Ingian characters as a delicate but strong-willed female who pleads for love and tenderness ("I am naturally gentle, I am gentle by nature"), a violent rambunctious male with the shakes who is really sensitive and frightened underneath ("Last night, you were scared of impotence with her? Was that the problem?"), and a suburban Miss Lonelyhearts out of Joyce Brothers by Rose N. Franzblau who boils down everyone's anxieties and errors into armchair analytical equations ("She let you down by having psychological problems that you brought on her. . . . You made her feel inferior all her life"). And thirdly, the play revolves around two estranged couples, all afflicted with some sexual malfunction which is endlessly discussed and eventually resolved in a pair of beds.

What this play indicates to me is that Williams, who now can write with conviction and power only about the conflicts in his own unconscious, has momentarily run out of usable autobiographical material, and is marking time



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by placating his most vociferous critics with a clumsy reproduction of current dramatic formulae. He may seem a long way from his former position as sexual revolutionary, "carrying the banner of Bohemianism into the enemy camp," in his present occupation as a love broker, peddling adjustment, affirmation, and cheer at top Broadway prices, but I suspect the move is only a temporary expediency. A few months ago, the "enemy camp" was after his scalp. Now Walter Kerr has already welcomed him back into the community, and Marya Mannes, David Susskind, and the editors of *Time* will probably soon follow suit. That Williams should be praised for "loving the human race" on the basis of anything as obviously manufactured as this artifact is merely added evidence that words like "compassion," "tenderness," and "love" have so lost their meaning in a culture which trades on them that their mere invocation works like bells for Pavlov's dogs.

As for Williams himself, his career remains an enigma. Balanced precariously between an aggressive apartness and a need to be accepted and supported by the very groups he assaults, his art has always been tinged with ersatz, his radicalism always tempered with elements of conformity. These elements seem now to have triumphed. Yet, while we may never get from him again the purity of *The Glass Menagerie*, he will not long remain in his present role. In the past, whenever I was tempted to be apocalyptic about Williams, I always remembered Edgar's cautious admonition in *Lear*: "The worst is not/So long as we can say 'This is the worst'." After seeing *Period of Adjustment*, however, I am going to ignore this Stoical admonition. This *is* the worst. From such a bedrock, his art can only rise.

Off Broadway this season has been just as depressing as Broadway, but two recent productions merit a few remarks.

The first is *Hedda Gabler*, now being presented by David Ross as the initial offering in his projected Ibsen cycle. Since this cycle will at least expose audiences to the full amplitude of Ibsen's formidable powers, it is heartily welcome. Welcome also is the present production, though less heartily, for I am not happy about the performance. Anne Meacham, opening in the title role with only a few days preparation, is to be applauded for her heroism, but I wish she had transferred some of this quality to the part of Hedda. On her first entrance, I was staggered to see her made up like some ghastly cadaverous apparition (bloodless face, blood-red lips, green-shadowed eyes), and even more disheartened when she proceeded to interpret Hedda as a pathological case just two shrieks away from insanity. Hedda's strained romanticism proves a disaster to everyone, but the play is dialectical: she also possesses a vital heroic streak which is meant to contrast favorably with the mean-spirited world in which she lives. All this has now been reduced to Method psychopathology: gritted teeth, nervous gestures, staring eyes. Ibsen, who is closer to Shakespeare than to Tennessee Williams, needs actors with grandeur and style. And he needs a more tough-minded translator than Michael Meyer who has weakened the text even more than his Victorian predecessor, William Archer.

Of Molly Kazan's two one-act plays at the York, the curtain raiser, *Rosemary*, seems like an improvisation more appropriate to acting classes than the theater, but *The Alligators* strikes me as the most interesting American play of the new season. It concerns a bland and supercilious Madison Avenue type from Harvard (obviously modelled on David Susskind) who is planning his first movie, a sympathetic treatment of a famous gangster, and negotiating with the gangster's widow for a release. Since the producer is more interested in the "sociological" and "psychological" roots of criminal behavior, the widow simply cannot convince him that her husband was not a social case but a cruel and brutal hood. Failing to persuade him that she herself is being hounded by killers and extortionists, she finally bursts out, "You just don't want to believe in evil!" The reality of evil is eventually brought home to him in a terrifying way, but not before Mrs. Kazan has exposed the basic weakness of the liberal position, and projected a corrosive shadowgraph of a peculiarly unctuous personality. The performance, directed by Gerald Freedman, is brittle, tight, and fierce, and Jo Van Fleet, as the widow, gives such a remarkable imitation of Maureen Stapleton that I longed to see the original in the role.

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